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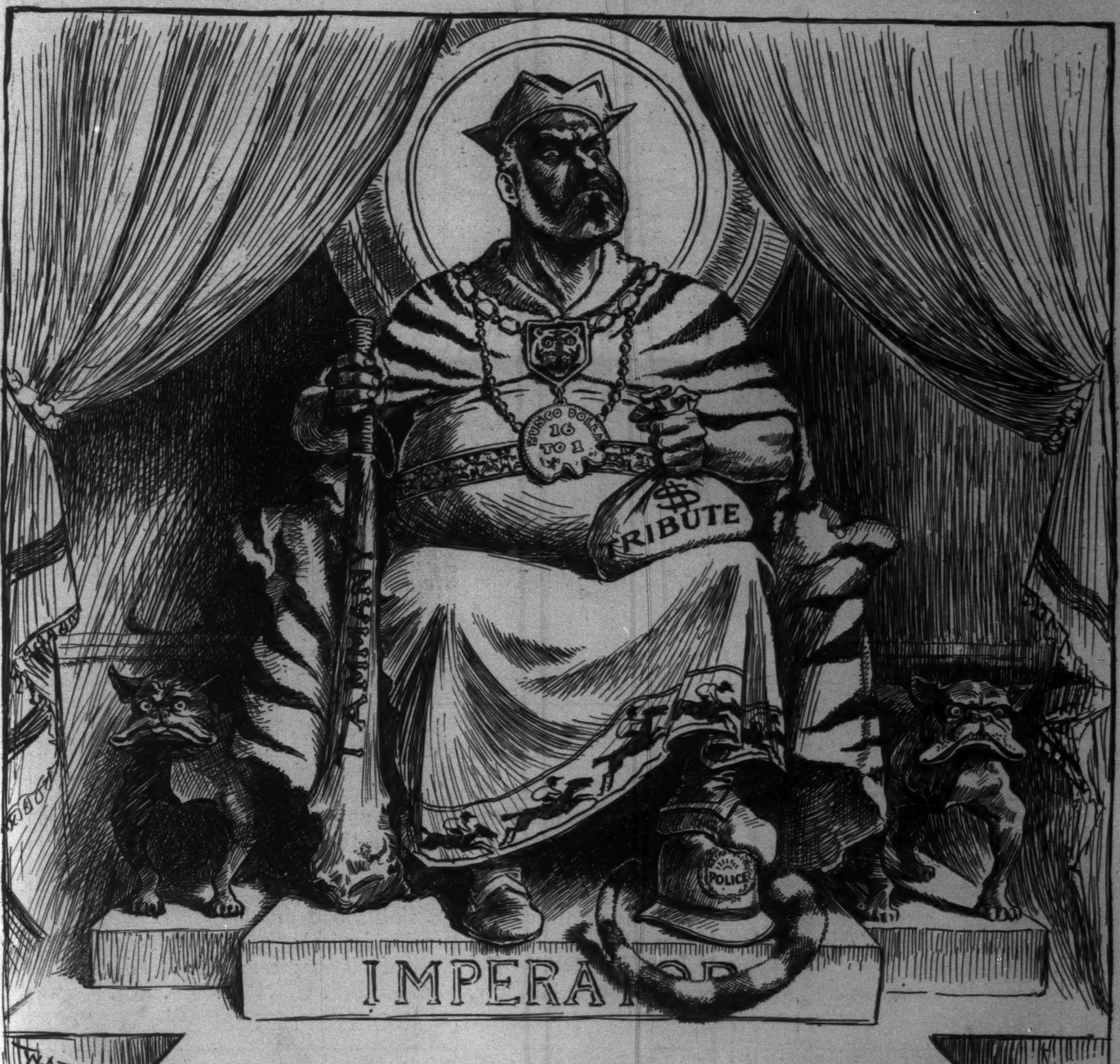
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 8 :1900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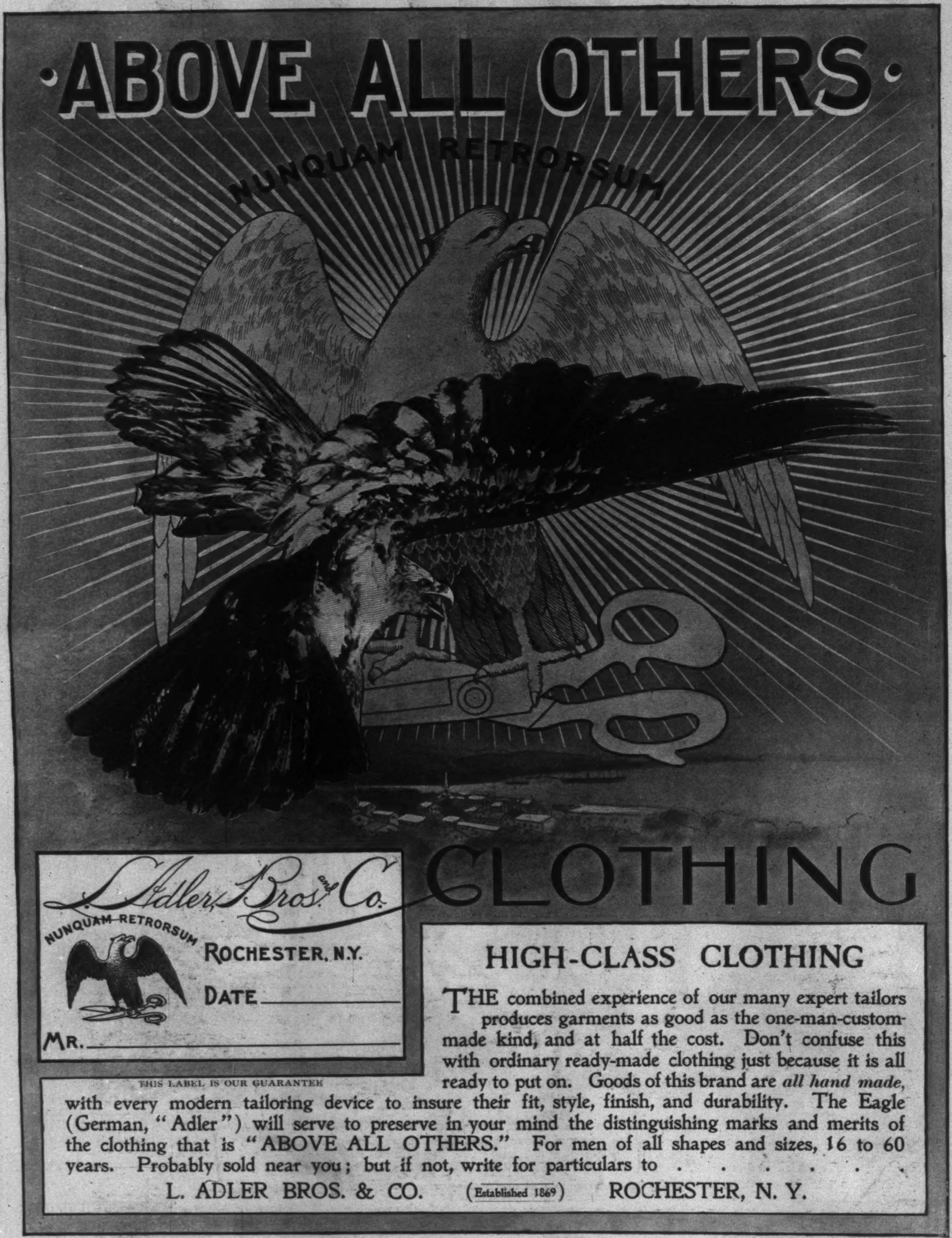
W. A. Rogers

IMPERIALISM

THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE IN NEW YORK



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Sept. 8
1900

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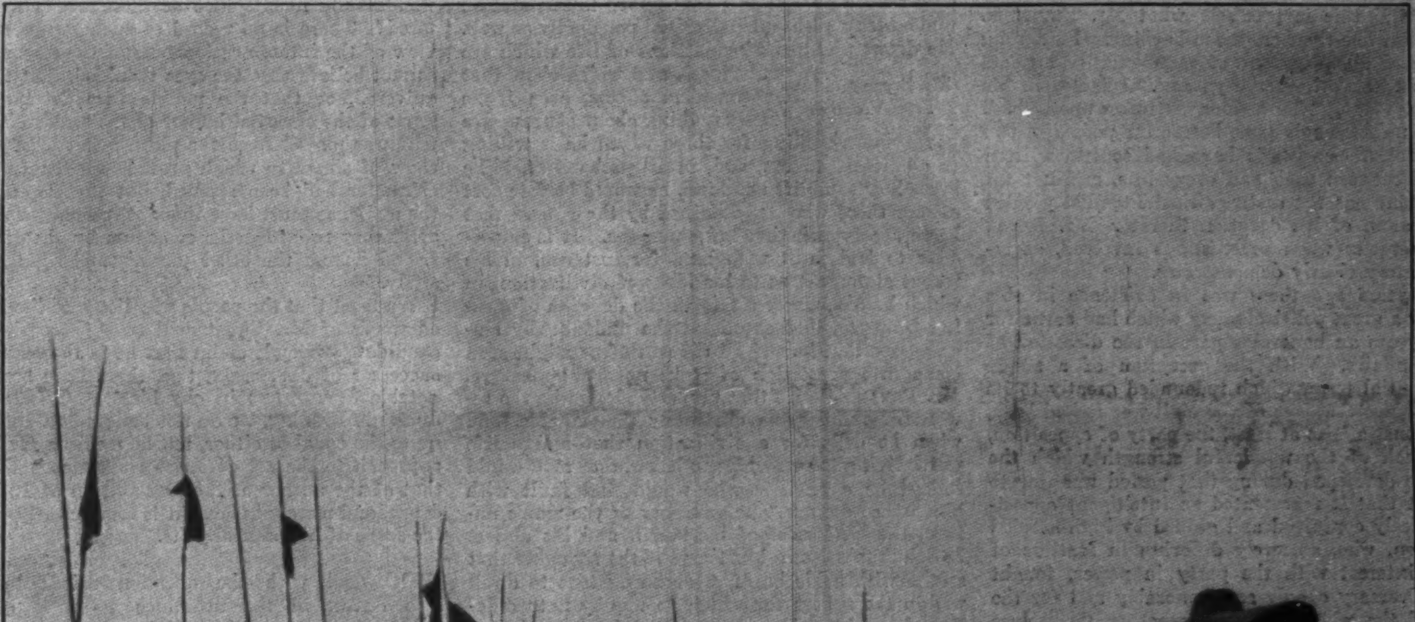

CHINESE REGULARS DRILLING ON THE PARADE-GROUND AT SUNG-KIANG.

The captain at the right is in his summer uniform. The soldiers with guns do not kneel, but sit on their heels. The 30-foot spears are wrapped with colored cloth, like barber-poles. The commands are given entirely by taps of the drum. Instead of firing, at drill, each soldier shouts "Hoo!" at the top of his voice, in order to avoid a useless waste of powder.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1900

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The Logical Candidate

IT is not so very surprising, after all, that the Anti-Imperialists are willing to swallow Mr. Bryan and his principles in order the more formidably to register their opposition to the Philippine policy of the Administration. The advocates of a policy of scuttle would naturally seek out a candidate whose record has shown him to be an ideal and consistent champion of scuttlism, and this is precisely what Mr. Bryan is. Scuttlism has been from the beginning his strong card, and abandonment of responsibility appears always to have been the paramount factor in his political creed. The various platforms upon which he has unblushingly gone before the people in two Presidential campaigns have had scuttle written in and between each and every line, and not for an instant has the distinguished Populist yielded up an atom of his devotion thereto. Mr. Bryan is no scuttler when scuttlism is involved, as recent history clearly demonstrates.

Ten years ago there was in existence in this country a great political party which had borne for many years an honorable part in the direction of public affairs. With the exception of a single Presidential term, which redounded greatly to its credit, since the days of the civil war it had been, in national affairs at least, the party of opposition, and much of the wonderful strength which the republic developed during that period was due to the fact that it represented an intelligent opposition, wisely conceived and guided by high-minded statesmen, who, sincerely differing in matters of public interest with the party in power, fought their adversary openly and honorably and for the good of the whole people, respecting themselves always, and commanding the respect of their most ardent opponents. These leaders were men of large mind and sane habit of thought; with eyes that could see things as they are; not given to hallucination; saturated with a love for the fundamental principles of their party; undeviatingly loyal to the tenets of its fathers, and ready always at any personal sacrifice to make of it an instrument for the promotion of the honor and welfare of the nation. In the second administration of Grover Cleveland this party reached the period of efflorescence. If high ideals, honorable motives, and persistent adherence to principle are the test of character, there can be no doubt in the mind of any intelligent observer of conditions that the Democratic administration of 1893--1897 could lay claim to the highest laurels; and that in a trying period, sorely but honorably beset on one side by an open and avowed enemy, and treacherously betrayed on the other by the envy, hatred, and malice of the corrupt in its own camp, the Administration was not to be swerved from the path of duty, speaks volumes in its praise. In the closing year of this Administration, inspired by what maggot of untoward circumstance no man knows, the fair fame of that great party was entrusted to the fostering care of William Jennings Bryan. The sterling Democrats from one end of the country to the other stood appalled. Some refused to serve under the new leader; some resolved to stand by, feeling that the error might be rectified later, and finding themselves, even in the face of an overwhelming provocation, unable to concede the definitive lowering of the colors under which they had fought for years. The result is one of the plain facts of history, which no unbiassed eye can fail to take in at a glance. Mr. Bryan has scuttled the then magnificent party, the preservation of whose honor and welfare should have been his dearest care. The responsibility to its honorable past which he had assumed in assuming its leadership he abandoned in the twinkling of an eye, and before the campaign of 1896 was over the new commander had handed over the party of Jefferson, Tilden, and Cleveland, bag and baggage, lock, stock, and barrel, to the Populists. The standard under which strong men had rallied time and time and again, and for which they had fought many and many a battle with courage and ardor, was snatched from the mast-head and trampled under foot; and the black flag, symbolizing a scuttled Supreme Court, a scuttled dollar, scuttled law, and scuttled order, was hoisted in its place. Undismayed by defeat, this leader has pursued the even tenor of his scuttling way ever since, and at a time when through an inevitable trend of circumstances we are found again in a position where we must fight to maintain the supremacy of law he is found precisely where he might have been expected to be found, advocating the same old and disgraceful principle.

We may not properly condemn the Anti-Imperialists, then, for taking Mr. Bryan in at one gulp. He is the logical candidate of those who would evade responsibility either in the face of a creditor, in the face of riot, or in the face of a rebellion against the authority of the United States of America.

Mr. Bryan and his True Vocation

IF Mr. Bryan were not a candidate for the highest office in the land, we are of the opinion that we should rather like him. He is unquestionably a good as well as a continuous talker, and an undoubtedly pleasant individual personally as well. He draws pictures of conditions of life which are truly ideal, and which show that he considers effects, even if he knows nothing about causes. He has a sincere liking for those whom he is willing to admit are toilers, and, in all probability, if he knew how to uplift mankind, he would be foremost among those who are ordained by the powers that be to accomplish that lofty purpose. It is impossible to find fault with him, for instance, in his recent statement as to his ideas of civilization, in which he eloquently set forth the delights of owning property, and expressed the undoubtedly sincere hope that he and all the rest of us might soon come into possession of it in no small measure. Mr. Bryan's desire that property should be the reward of industry is absolutely unassailable, and when he calls for a civilization that makes life worth living to every human being, that man would indeed be a caviller who would find fault with him for so doing. The geniality of the man's nature, the kindliness of his spirit, and his almost boyish frankness in blurting out the thoughts that seethe within his brain, were he content to dwell within the sphere for which he was by nature designed, would make of him one of the most charming and wholesome of companions. It is a great pity that a man so highly endowed with some of nature's choicest gifts should be bereft of the qualities which alone can make these gifts useful to his fellow-men. It is pleasant to think that Mr. Bryan's delightful dreams of ideal conditions are among the realized actualities of American life, and are being perpetuated by the very people whom he is now engaged in bitterly assailing. It is sad that Mr. Bryan's eyes are such that he cannot perceive the fact.

There is work in life for all men, to which men as individuals are severally adapted. We believe that everyman is created for some special function, whatever his particular idiosyncrasy may be. There are round holes for round pegs, and square holes for square pegs. Admiral Dewey was a born sailorman, and in his element was beyond reproach. Grant was a born general, and he fulfilled his destiny nobly. Lincoln was the ideal President for an emergency, and found his alloted sphere at the psychological moment. Tennyson was a poet long before he wrote poetry; and there are even boilermakers who produce boilers in such fashion that connoisseurs in boiler-making recognize their genius. All of these men, however, would have failed had they devoted their energies to other pursuits for which they were not by nature fitted. Dewey as a politician, Tennyson as an Admiral, Grant as a financier, a boiler-maker as a writer of Vers de Société, all would have met with that disappointment which a square peg gifted with sensibility would feel when rammed into a round hole. And so it is with Mr. Bryan. There are certain pursuits in life for which he is manifestly fitted. There are laurels which he might reasonably pursue, with the expectation that all his fellow-citizens from one end of the country to the other would commend him in the choice of his ambition. It is only when he poses as a statesman that we have any fault to find with him, and a rounder peg for a squarer hole than he as an aspirant for the seat of Lincoln has yet to be conceived by the mind of man.

We shall never cease to regret that Mr. William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, did not study for the stage.

Bryan and the Jeffersons

THE special adaptability of Mr. Bryan for the mimetic art is shown in the clever way in which he carries off every political rôle which circumstances require him to assume. A Democrat at Kansas City, a Populist at Indianapolis, and the Champion of Liberty in and about Luzon, he has become the lightning-change artist *par excellence* of the present day. He is able, as no other man is who is not a professional comedian or a tragedian, to assume the rôle of a paramount Anti-Imperialist one day, of a paramount Silverite the next, with a dozen paramount Anti-Trust performances sandwiched in between, and just as Jefferson speaks his lines with no apparent sticking of his tongue in his cheek, so does Mr. Bryan in his public performances seem always to his audience, at least, to be everything which at the moment he essays to be. Imagine the situation, the other day, for instance, when this wonderful candidate told the Populists that they had chosen their standard-bearer from the "ranks of another party." Was there a twinkle in his eye, or an ill-suppressed smile about those expressive lips, or a beam in that wonderfully mobile face as these words were uttered? There is no record of such things, and in view of the intense seriousness of the moment, we cannot believe that the eyes twinkled, that the lips quivered, or that the mobile face betrayed any sense of the essential humor of the situation. The part was played from the platform at least with a show of sincerity which proved how carefully the character had been studied, but the Populists in the audience must have thought it rich, for shortly after they rewarded the comedian by choosing his friend "from the other party" to be his understudy.

We trust that the people who listen to the honeyed words of Mr. Bryan will remember, when the candidate's friends claim that he is the legitimate successor of Jefferson, that there have been two notable Jeffersons in our history—Thomas and Joseph. Frankly, we do not believe Mr. Bryan is quite the equal of either, but he makes a far better approach to the art of Joseph Jefferson than to that of the author of the Declaration of Independence, and merely because it is more clearly within the scope of his natural gifts.

Populism or Democracy?

TO deal with the question raised by Mr. Bryan in the utterance we have quoted, rather than with the personal charm of the man himself, we have been interested to observe that some of our editorial brethren have taken the Populist acceptance of Mr. Stevenson in place of Mr. Towne as an indication of "the effacement of the Populist party." In our own judgment the contrary is the fact. The Populists' acceptance of Mr. Stevenson is the consummation of the effacement of the Democratic party. The old Democratic party has finally gone out of existence, but its good name and its traditions are retained for business purposes by the managers of the new concern. This is easily proven by referring to the so-called Democratic platform, which is essentially Populistic. It is a sad fact that, with the aid of Mr. Bryan, Democracy as an organized instrument for political good, has ceased to be, and Populism has been substituted in its place. No true Democrat will be found to-day endorsing the heretical platitudes of the Kansas City platform, because he knows that these are in no wise based upon true Democratic principles; he knows that, in point of fact, they are subversive of all that tends to decent and orderly government; and he is aware that that at least has not been the trend of Democracy in the past.

The Populist party is not only not effaced, it is aggressive, and it is aggressive after a most dangerous fashion. It is the political libertine of our time, masquerading in a cloak of respectability, endeavoring to creep into power by the prostitution of honored "connections" to which it is not entitled, and over which, by the treachery of leaders, it exercises what we hope is merely temporary control. We trust that there are enough real Democrats left in the United States to-day to dispute successfully the title of the Populists to the name and good-will of the party which has stood for principles which have not been without influence in the making of the American people.

The RESULTS of a BRYAN VICTORY

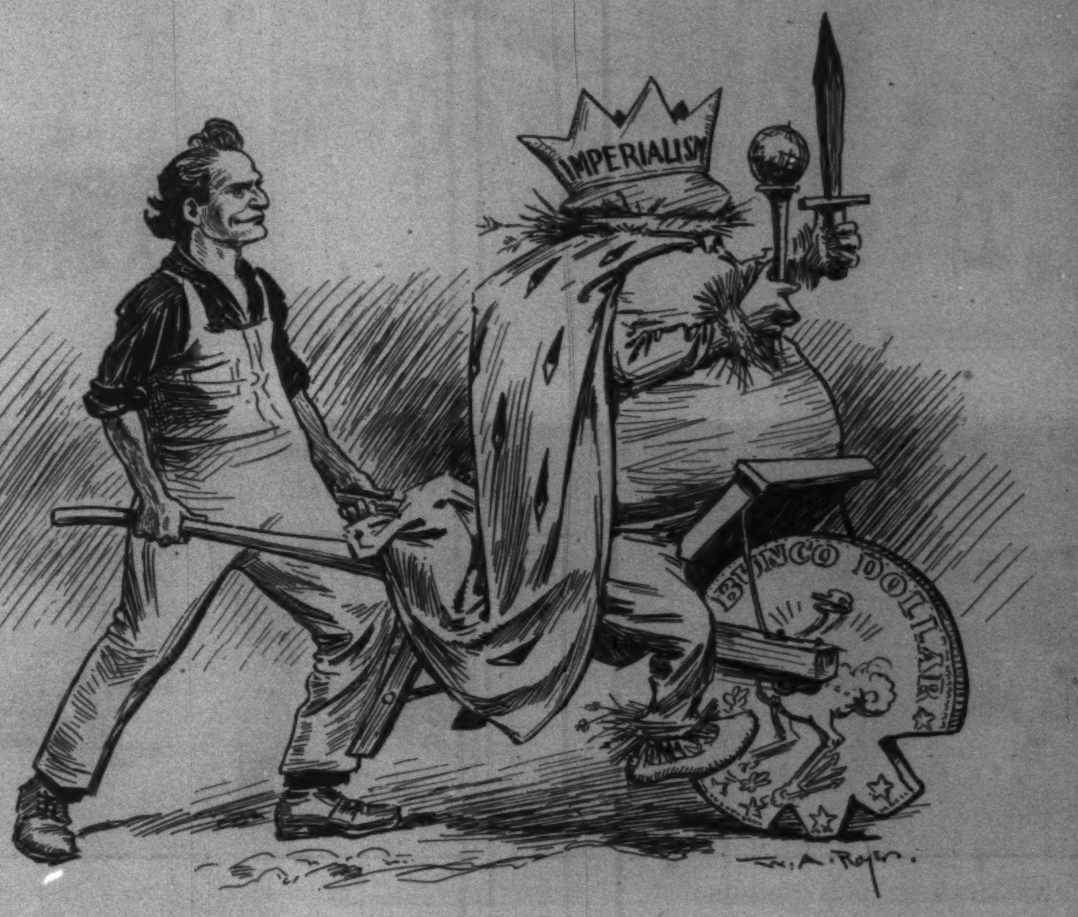
By HENRY CABOT LODGE

IN all Presidential campaigns it is customary for newspapers and speakers to declare that the election immediately impending is the most important ever known. Even if the statement is not strictly accurate, the custom is a good one, for every election is of great importance, and there is almost always a tendency, especially among the busiest of the voters, to be indifferent to their political duties. But while elections, and particularly Presidential elections, are of great moment in a representative government like our own, some are clearly of far more importance than others. The campaign of 1864, which resulted in the second election of Lincoln, was the most important election ever held in this country, and its result was as essential to the salvation of the Union as the great victories won in battle. It is not probable that upon the outcome of any election the existence of the country will again be staked, as it was when Lincoln was a candidate for the second time, but it is safe to say that the election now coming is more important than any which has occurred in this country since 1864. The great danger is that this fact should not be realized by the voters of the United States, and the unusual quiet which has thus far characterized the campaign seems to be an indication that it is not understood. The peril to the Republican party, and to the welfare of the nation, lies in overconfidence and in the possibility that the American people may fail to measure the extent of the disaster which would attend the success of Mr. Bryan.

Four years ago at this time the country was seething with political excitement, business was almost at a standstill, stocks—which are the barometer of business everywhere—were at panic prices, and intense anxiety reigned everywhere. Now the very reverse is the case; business is proceeding steadily and confidently, all prices are good, and no one seems to have the least anxiety on account of the political outlook. Yet the defeat of the Republican party next November would be far more disastrous than it would have been four years ago.

This is precisely what many people, apparently, fail to realize, but a little consideration will show the truth of the statement. Now, as in 1896, the honor of the country is at stake on the financial question. The Bryan proposition in regard to free silver means repudiation and dishonor. This every one comprehends, but it is to be feared that thousands of voters fail to appreciate the fact that free silver is just as real and dangerous now as it was four years ago, and soothe themselves with the comfortable belief that the silver issue is dead. Dead it will be if the Republican party is continued in power, but it would spring into a robust and active life if Mr. Bryan should be elected. The chatter of the Democratic platform and the Democratic orator about "Imperialism" being the paramount issue would have no meaning the day after election if Mr. Bryan should win. The Philippines would still be ours and the living reality of free silver would then be painfully apparent. The only affirmative proposition in the Democratic platform is the clause declaring for free silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. If Mr. Bryan carries the country he will say, with truth, that the voters approved this proposition, and that he has a mandate from the people to put into execution the financial policy for which the Democratic platform declared so plainly. He will have a Secretary of the Treasury who will be able to do much merely by virtue of his office toward putting us on a silver basis and wrecking our credit and our financial honor. He will have a House which will agree with him, and which will promptly pass a bill to repeal the gold act and establish the free coinage of silver. His election would imply the loss of many Republican seats in the Senate, and the margin there would be so narrow that, under the pressure of the Administration, backed by the result at the polls, it might readily give way, and would be at best but an uncertain defence against putting this country promptly and finally upon a silver basis. Free silver as an issue is dead so long as its champions are beaten and kept out of power, but in the event of their attaining power it would become, it is to be feared, victorious in legislation.

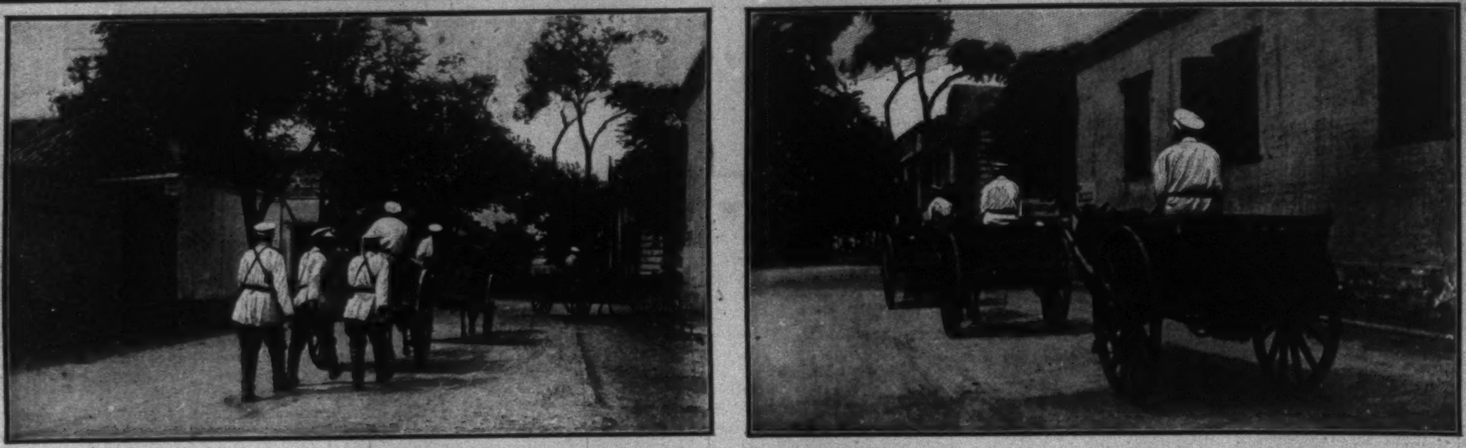
But whether the slender barrier of a small Republican majority in the Senate prevented a free-silver law or not is of comparatively little moment so far as the effect upon business of Bryan's election is concerned. The agitation of the question in Congress would be almost as bad for business as actual legislation. The worst conditions for business, and those which are more destructive to the confidence upon which all business prosperity rests, are uncertainty and fear. No one would know what Mr. Bryan and his Congress could or would do, and doubt and fear would become rampant. The moment he was elected this dread of the future would seize upon the country. People would then see that free silver was alive and in triumph, and they would also notice—what they apparently overlook now—that the Democratic platform pledges the party to abolish the national banks and substitute for their issues government notes. In other words, behind free silver is the policy of issuing irredeemable paper. The mere possibility of such legislation, the victory of a party committed to such principles, would fill the business world with consternation. A panic would ensue, for every prudent man would at once seek to protect himself against the unknown, ungauged, dangers impending over him. We know the state of things which was produced throughout the business world by the mere fear of Bryan's election which spread over the country in August, 1896. From that we can form some idea of what the effect of his actual election would bring. But it does not seem as if we realized at all that the effect of Bryan's election now would be far worse than it would have been four years ago. In 1896 the country had been passing through four years of business depression, and that depression was at its worst during that memorable summer. We were running at a very low speed in business with a very low pressure. Now business is running at a very high speed and with a high pressure, due to prosperity and to confidence. If Bryan had succeeded in 1896 we should have suffered severely, our honor would have been tarnished, and business depression would have deepened, but we had not then far to fall. His victory now, with the train running at full speed, would bring a crash and produce a shock which cannot be readily imagined. A sudden panic in the midst of high prosperity is worse than any other, and that is what would ensue the week after Bryan's election. Moreover, the great change which has occurred in the position of this country during the last four years is quite generally overlooked, and this change has a very important bearing upon our financial situation. From being a debtor we have become a creditor nation. The English loan which has been taken here within the last few days is but one indication of what has been going on for the last two or three years. In the course of trade with the rest of the world during the last four years there has come a balance in our favor of some two thousand million dollars. These vast balances have not been paid. There has been a great return of American stocks to this country, but after making allowances for all of this it is still certain that Europe owes us a great deal of money, and that a large proportion of our accumulated trade balances is still across the water in the form of loans. The panic which would follow Bryan's election would cause every business man to take steps to protect himself, and every lender of money would proceed to call his loans as fast as he could. The financial condition of Europe at the present moment is far from good. England is hampered by the heavy expenses of the South-African war, the Exposition has been a financial failure in France, the industrial situation in Germany is bad, and Russia is on the edge of bankruptcy. All these conditions are made worse by the Chinese situation. The gold-supply in Europe and in England is very low. They are in no condition to stand a sudden drain, or, indeed, any drain at all. If, then, we should begin to call American loans, and if the prosperous movement of American business should be arrested, as it would be by Bryan's election, there would be a panic upon every bourse in Europe. To the supporters of Mr. Bryan this, no doubt, seems a very desirable thing, but unfortunately it would at once react upon this country, and the domestic panic which Mr. Bryan's election would cause in the United States would be intensified and accelerated by the panic which would ensue in foreign countries. It is the United States which is to-day holding firm and steady the economic and financial conditions of the entire world, and, therefore, an arrest of our prosperity, a disaster in our business, would bring about a world-wide business panic, the like of which has never been seen. Prices would fall, new enterprises would cease, old enterprises would be contracted, wages would be reduced, and thousands of men would be thrown out of employment, with all the multiplying misfortunes which surely follow when confidence in the Administration and in our financial legislation was destroyed by a Democratic victory.



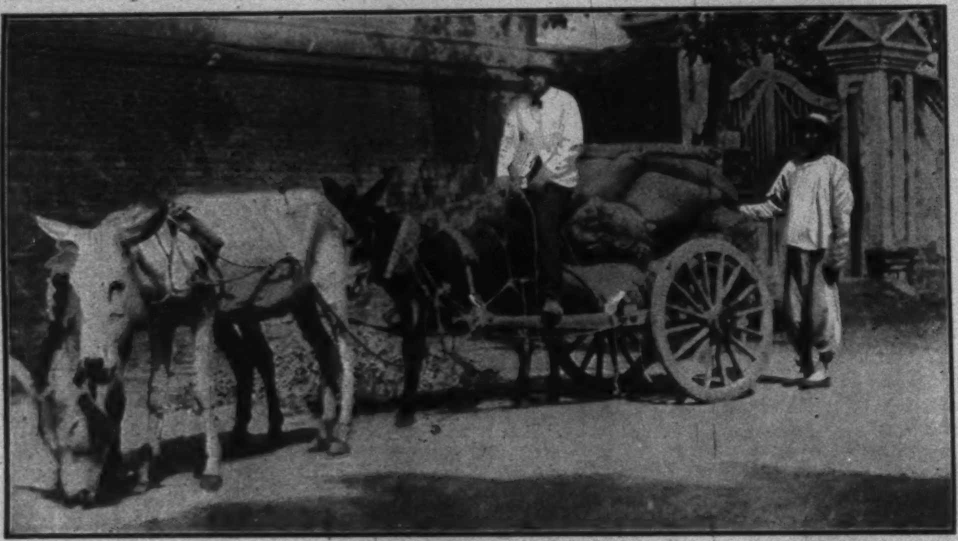
MR. BRYAN HAS A GOOD BUGABOO, AND HE IS PUSHING IT ALONG.

The contemplation of the results which would flow from Bryan's election ought to stimulate every man who has good employment or business interests of any kind to the utmost exertion of which he is capable to prevent such a catastrophe.

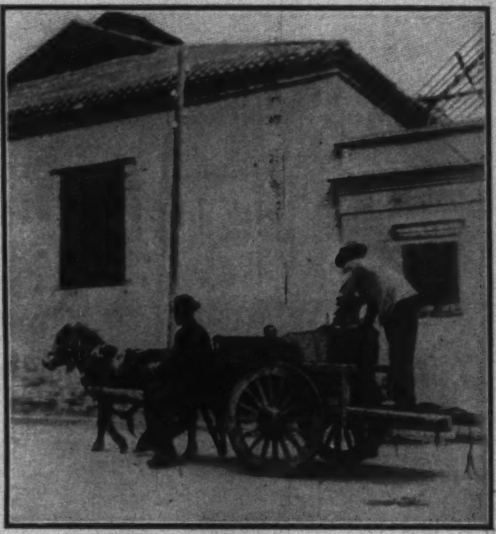
I have touched only on the business ruin which Bryan's election portends. In other respects, although it would not bring to each individual the same amount of personal suffering, it would injure the country and its future to an extent not easily described. But my purpose here has been simply to call attention to the financial disasters which would follow Bryan's election, disasters which would not only wreck our national honor, but which would plunge us into such adversity that the dark years from 1893 to 1897 would seem bright in contrast.



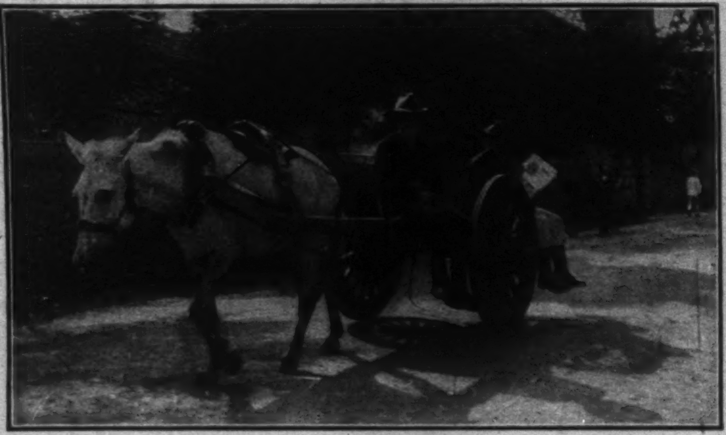
RUSSIAN PROVISION-WAGONS ESCORTED BY COSSACKS.



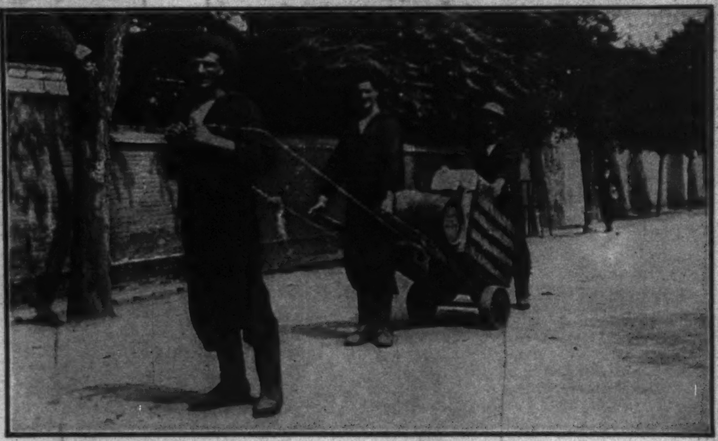
A LOAD OF RICE.



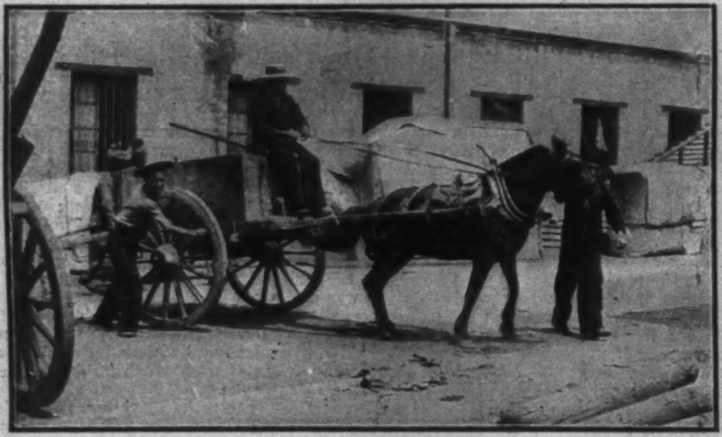
DISPROPORTIONATE HORSE-POWER.



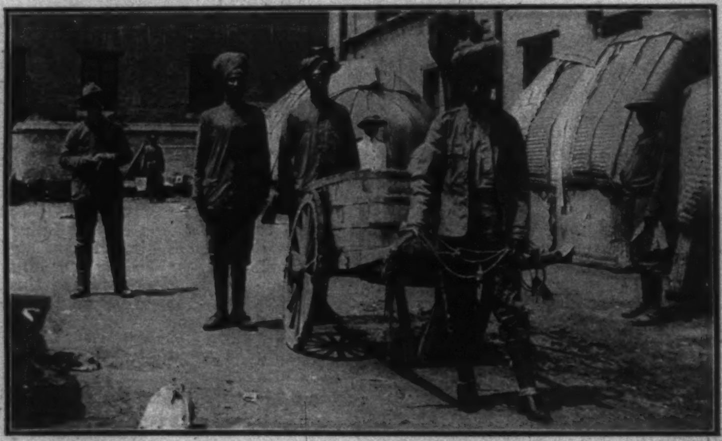
AMERICAN MARINES FORAGING.



PROVISIONS FOR THE BRITISH JACKIES.



THE BOILED-WATER STATION.

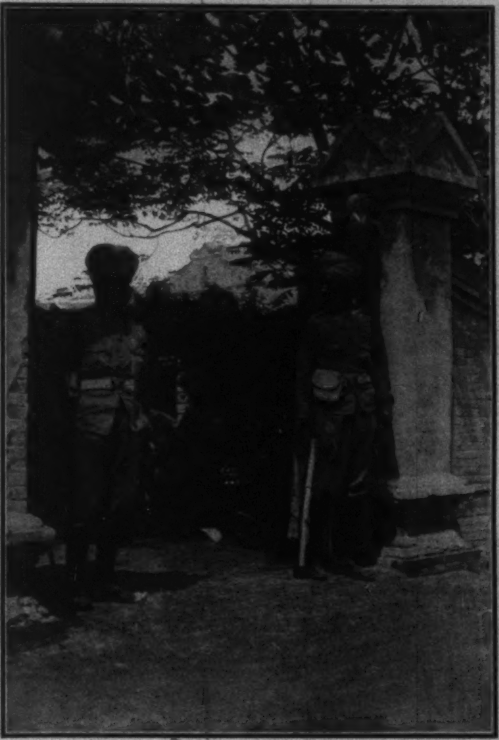


THE SIKH REGIMENT'S WATER-CART.

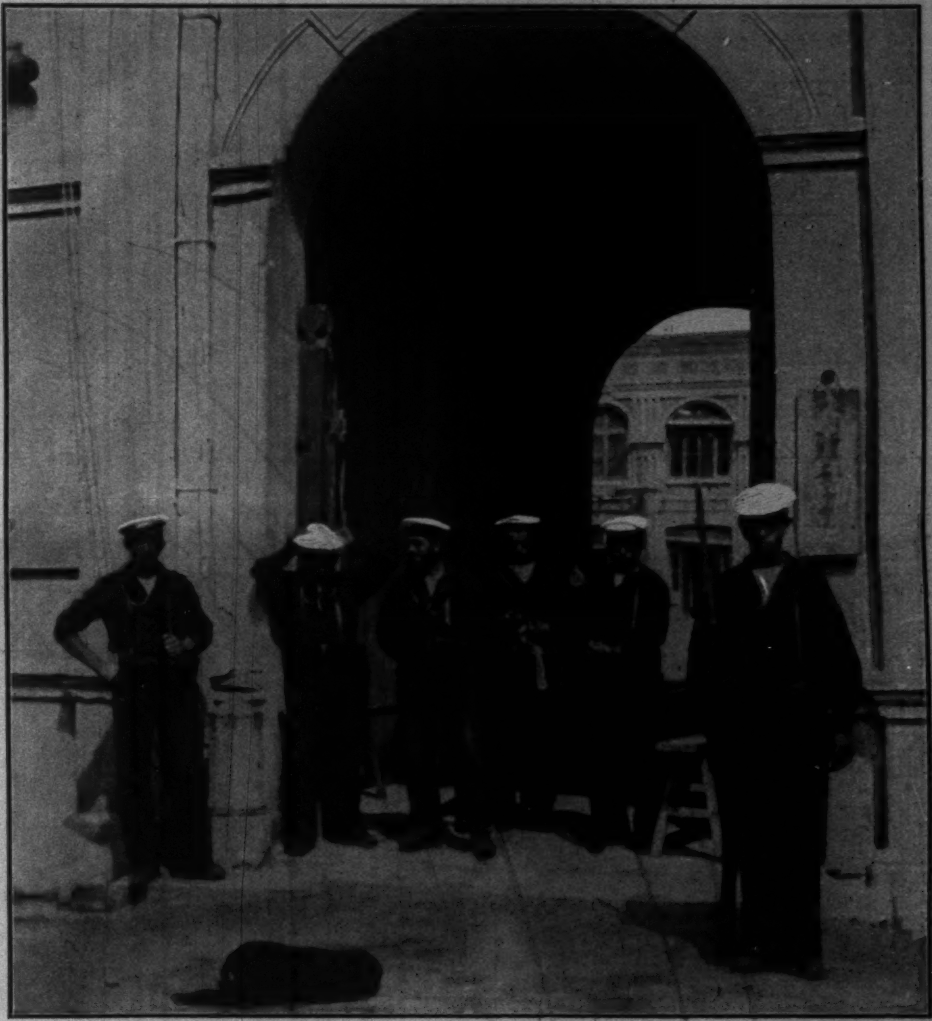
THE FOOD-AND-WATER PROBLEM IN TIENTSIN.

THE BRITISH BARRACKS.

A DETACHMENT OF BRITISH BLUEJACKETS.

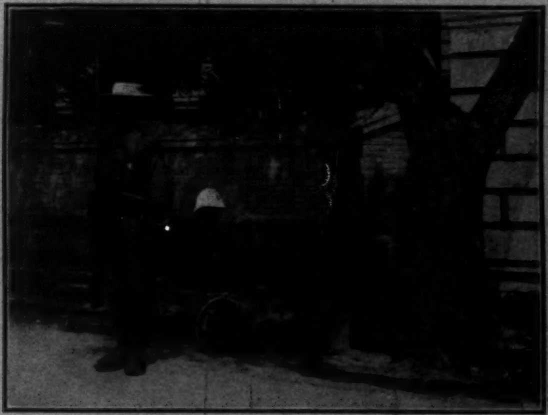


HEADQUARTERS OF THE SIKH REGIMENT.



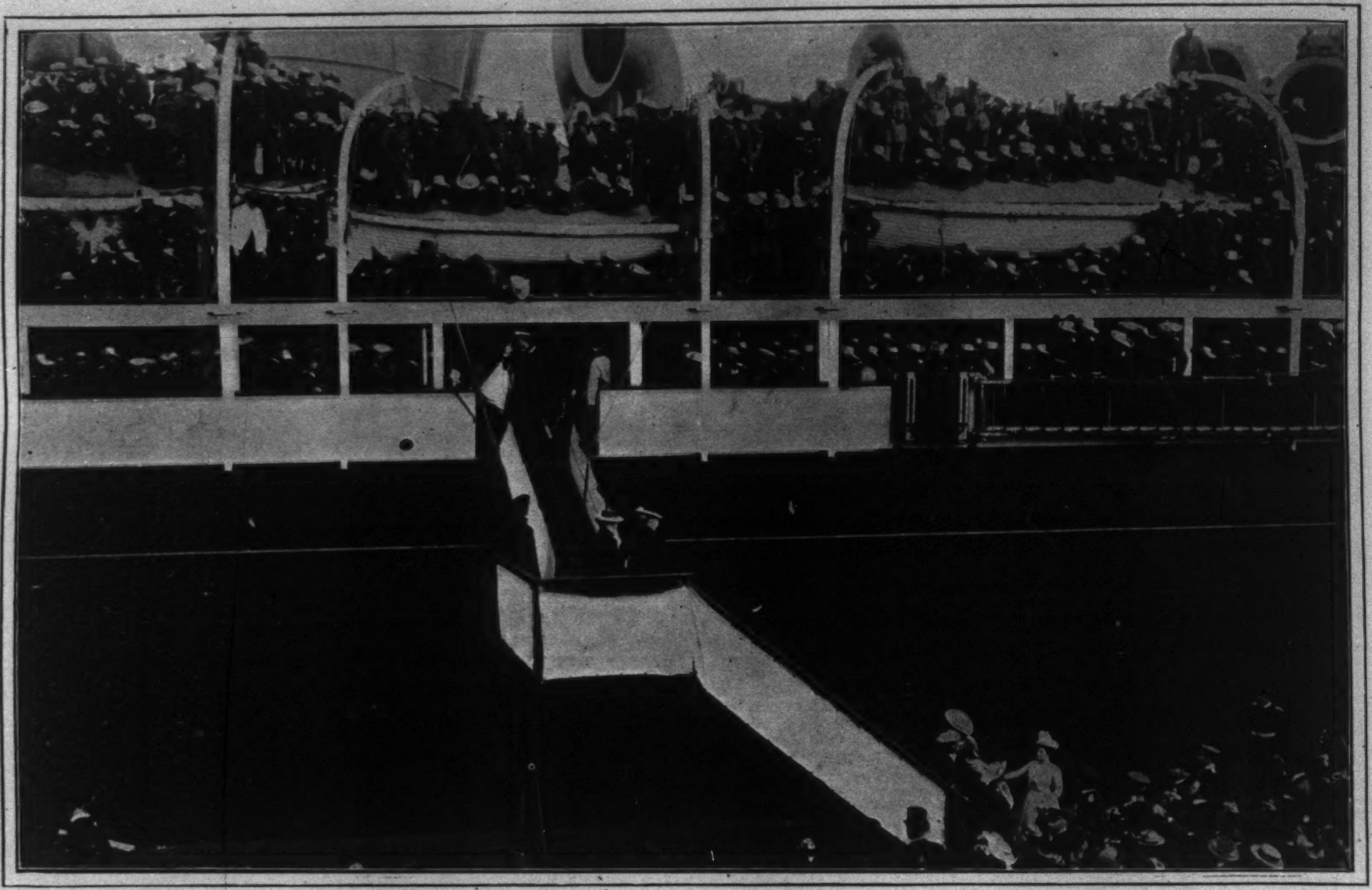
THE ITALIAN BARRACKS.

THE GERMAN BARRACKS.
The Door-post was struck by a Chinese Shell during the Fight of July 17.



A PRIVATE OF THE BRITISH CHINESE REGIMENT FROM HONG-KONG.

THE FOREIGN OCCUPATION OF TIENTSIN.



KAISER WILHELM BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS TROOPS.

Departure for China of the North German Lloyd Steamship "Rhein" from Bremerhaven. The Emperor is standing in the Gangway, the Empress stands at the foot of the Stairs.

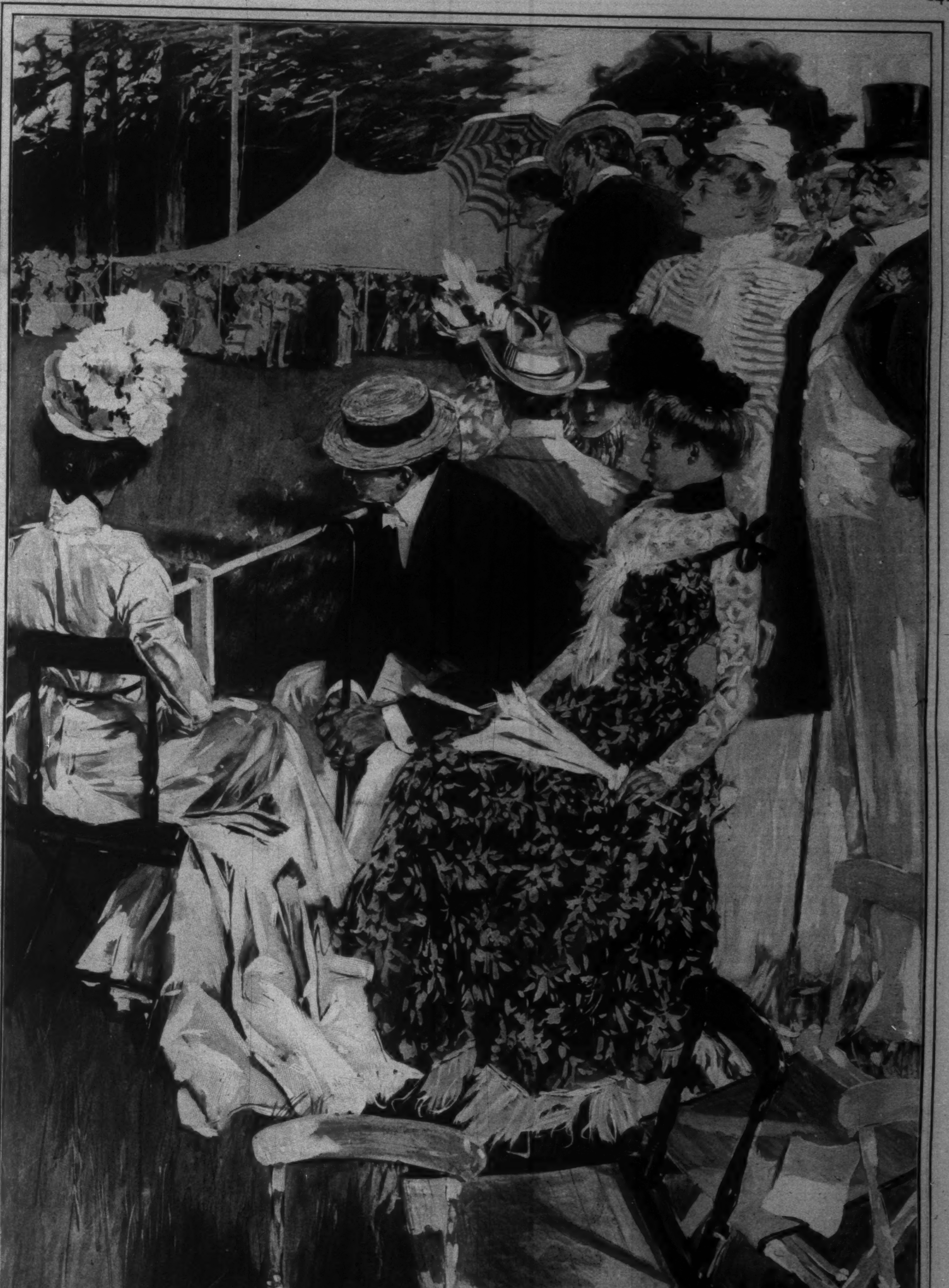
CAPTAIN BAGLY, PROVOST-MARSHAL, WITH A STAFF OFFICER.

A GERMAN VOLUNTEER.

THE BRITISH MARINE GUARD.

COSSACK OFFICERS AND CHAPLAIN.

THE ALLIED TROOPS IN TIENTSIN.



SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT A COUNTRY CLUB.

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY

By

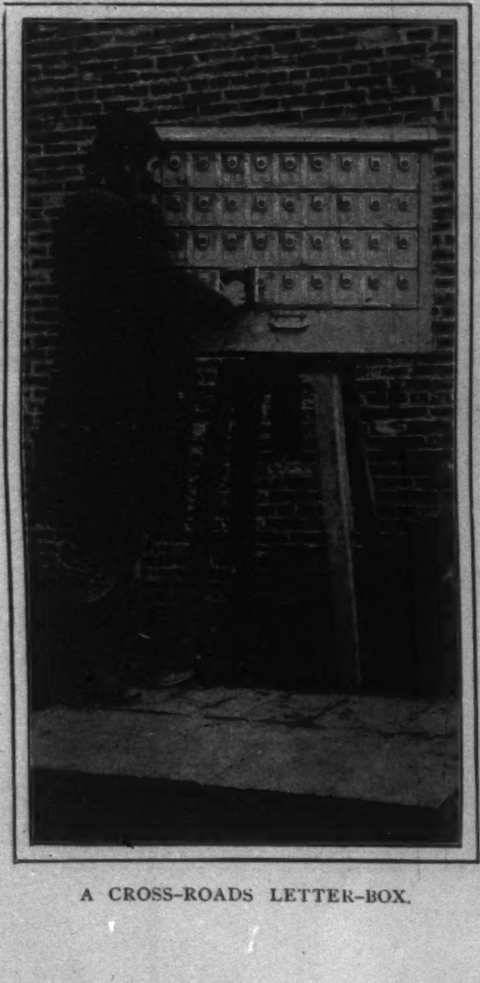
WALDON FAWCETT

The Arrival of the Carrier at a Rural Cross Road

WHEN the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads of the House of Representatives decided, some months ago, to submit a recommendation for an appropriation of $1,500,000 for rural free delivery during the coming fiscal year, as against only $450,000 for the current year. it attested in the most forceful manner possible its appreciation of this important new adjunct of the public communication service. Of all the new progressive forces lately created by Uncle Sam's administrative departments none have crept into being more quietly than this, and yet it is safe to predict that none will exert a more beneficial influence in the interest of the whole people.

Were evidence needed for the claim that there has been nothing in the history of the postal service of the United States so remarkable as the growth of the rural free-delivery system it might be found in the fact that never before has an innovation passed from the stage of experiment to recognition as a regular branch of the work, and a very important branch, too, in so short a time as two or three years. Although the establishment of a rural free-delivery service was first advocated almost a decade ago, its actual inauguration was deferred for years because of the obstacles which had to be overcome.

When the project first came up for consideration in Congress the chairman of the committee to which it was referred declared that it would be impracticable to undertake the work unless an appropriation of at least $20,000,000 was available at the outset. Postmaster-General Bissell declined to expend an appropriation of $10,000 made by Congress to test the feasibility of the scheme, and his successor, William L. Wilson, although he succeeded in having an appropriation of $20,000 increased to $40,000, entered upon the experimental operations with many misgivings. Accordingly, late in 1896 a total of forty-four routes was mapped out in twenty-nine different States.



A CROSS-ROADS LETTER-BOX.

The work of institution itself was attended by many difficulties. The arrangement of details was left to officers of the Division of Post-Office Inspection and Mail Depredations, and in order to perform this service inspectors were, in many cases, detached from other pressing duties. It must be admitted that by no means all of the routes were well placed. There were a few in States like Pennsylvania and Ohio, but there were also quite a number in sparsely settled parts of the West, and in the backwoods districts of the South, where there were neither turnpike roads, township divisions or county maps, and where, apparently, nobody wanted it. On some of these routes the average cost for each piece of mail-matter delivered was over six cents; but the statistics from routes in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and even in Colorado and Arizona, were economical and satisfactory, and demonstrated that rural free delivery, if judiciously planned, could be made less expensive and more nearly self-sustaining than the urban free-delivery service established in many of the smaller cities under the authority of Congress.

From the time that the present First Assistant Postmaster-General, Hon. Perry S. Heath, assumed the duties of the office in the spring of 1897 the extension of the service has been pushed energetically. This was facilitated at the outset by a Congressional appropriation of $50,000 to give the project a further test. When Mr. Heath called attention to the fact that petitions from every section of the country where the service had been given a fair trial were pouring in upon the department, and that the projected extension of postal facilities in rural communities held great possibilities of social, industrial, and educational development, there was secured with little effort an appropriation of $150,000. This was in 1897, and the appropriation was doubled for the next fiscal year, and in turn was increased to $450,000, as has been explained, for the current year. Even these appropriations have, however, proven totally inadequate. Every route established by the special agents who have been appointed to lay out services where the conditions seem to promise a successful and economical administration has simply resulted in bringing large numbers of applications from contiguous territory.

Rural free delivery is now in successful operation from upwards of four hundred distributing-points, the routes radiating over forty States and one Territory. In the list, Ohio leads with forty-nine routes, Indiana has forty-four routes, and New York and Iowa each have in the neighborhood of two dozen. Several of the Southern and Western States have only one route each, but Idaho, Mississippi, Montana, and Wyoming are the only States unrepresented.

Almost half a million rural residents of the United States are now served by this great public enterprise. There have been no late general reports showing the full scope of the service, but almost a year ago the routes embraced an aggregate area of more than 7500 square miles, and the four hundred carriers traversed routes the total length of which was close to nine thousand miles, distributing within the twelvemonth upwards of ten million pieces of mail. And this, it must be remembered, was when there were only about half as many rural routes as at present. Without wishing to burden the reader with statistics it may be reiterated that in no other way may an adequate idea of the wonderful growth of this system be given. In the year from July 1, 1898, to July 1, 1899, there was an increase of over 240 carriers serving an additional population of more than 200,000, and delivering 6,500,000 pieces of mail in excess of what was handled the year previous. Then in turn in the six months from July 1, 1899, to November 1, 1899 (for the full yearly appropriation was exhausted in six months), there was an increase of almost 250 routes, serving 180,000 people who had not previously had the service. This great extension of the service entails an average annual cost of only 84 cents for each person served.

City delivery was inaugurated primarily to relieve the post-offices, while the new rural delivery has the possibly nobler purpose of the advancement and education of the people. Strange as it may appear, however, the government pays less proportionately for this rural service than for the maintenance of its free-delivery system in some of the smaller cities. It is not uncommon in many of the latter for the cost to reach the sum of $2 80 per year, or between three and four times that on all the rural routes established last year.

The recipients of rural free delivery have to provide boxes and place them at points along the road traversed by the rural carrier, selecting locations most readily accessible, and if possible within sight of the respective residences. Here also letters for mailing may be deposited, and will be collected by the carrier when he calls for purposes of delivery. Frequently a number of families living some distance back from the main highway desire to secure the free delivery, and in such instances a number of boxes are grouped at a cross-road corner. Of course, in the case of the more remote residents quite a little trip is necessary to reach these neighborhood boxes, but it is very different from the drive of five or ten miles over muddy or frozen roads to the town post-office, as in the days of yore.

DRESSED FOR BLIZZARD WEATHER.

Rural free-delivery service must now be originated only as a result of petitions presented by the people desiring it, through Representatives in Congress or Senators. A rough map of the country to be traversed must be furnished, together with a general statement as to the number and avocations of the people to be served. There is a rule that no rural route shall be less than twenty-five miles in length, and that none shall be established unless the roads are gravelled or macadamized. There is a further proviso that there must be at least one hundred families within easy reach of each route.

In a great many instances there is only one carrier on a route, but in other instances there are as high as five or six and even eleven carriers on a single large route. The last number is employed at Washington, Pennsylvania, where the route is 220 miles in length and fully 10,000 people are served. The rural carriers start, of course, from post-offices, just as do the city carriers, save that their "beat" is likely to be about twenty-five miles instead of as many city blocks. The carriers receive a uniform wage of $400, which includes horse-hire, but not actual tolls and ferriages. This remuneration is not as meagre as it seems, inasmuch as the work is usually done by the sons of farmers who have horses at their disposal, and seldom does the task require more than half of their time.

The character of the uniform which the rural carrier wears is optional with himself, or he may go unprovided with any insignia of his office. As a rule a carrier makes but one delivery a day to each family on his route, and it will not be the policy of the department to grant two deliveries per day anywhere so long as so many farming communities far removed from mail facilities are clamoring for service once a day. In some instances carriers give a tri-weekly service on two routes, thus enabling the covering of a double apportionment of territory. Rural carriers give bond in the sum of $500, and one or two substitute carriers must be provided, who also give bond. Rural carriers take with them upon their rounds a supply of stamps, postal cards, etc., and are authorized to give receipts for money-orders. In the near future they will also be authorized to register letters.

As might be expected, the people in many sections of the country have had to be educated to a conception of what the service means and what they must do to promote its efficiency. At first there was a disposition to make old cans, soap or cigar boxes, or even sections of pipe serve as receptacles for mail-matter, but this spirit is being rapidly eradicated, and at many points the present system is a model. At Lafayette, Indiana, for instance, the rural carriers are uniformed similarly to their city brethren, and have handsome wagons with sliding doors and a glass front. Inside there are tiers of pigeon-holes, in which the carrier sorts his mail as he goes along. There is also a contrivance for heating the wagon in cold weather.

All the mail-boxes along the routes are of galvanized iron, of uniform size, and painted so as to closely resemble the regulation boxes in use in the cities. The boxes are affixed to posts of such a height as to bring them on a level with the postal wagon, and the carrier as he drives along opens his sliding door and drops the mail in the box, at the same time raising a zinc signal riveted to the box. If there be any mail for him to collect he finds the signal raised. If there be no mail for delivery the carrier hauls down the signal; and finally, if the signal be not raised and he have no mail to deliver, the carrier drives by without stopping. Each rural postman has a whistle with which he signals owners of boxes who live some distance away.

On two routes there are girl carriers, and like the workers of the sterner sex, they stuck to their tasks through the most severe weather of the past winter. Just about a year ago a unique experiment was inaugurated in conjunction with the free-delivery service in Carroll, Maryland, a convenient distance from Washington, D. C. It was nothing less than a project to test the possibility of putting a post-office on wheels and carrying it to the doors of the people in a well-settled agricultural country. For this purpose there was fitted up a handsome special vehicle, the interior of which was equipped with counter, drawers, and letter-boxes—sixteen large letter-boxes in front, forty-two behind, all zinc-lined. This wagon carries a driver and postal clerk, the latter being authorized to receive, cancel, collect, and deliver all mails, receipt for applications for money-orders and registered letters, and, in short, performs all the functions of a stationary postmaster. This travelling post-office, drawn by a team of strong horses, traverses each day a thirty-mile route, delivering to houses on the route and collecting mail regularly from sixty United States letter-boxes scattered at intervals of a half-mile along the entire route. It costs the government $1375, and performs the service heretofore rendered by eight fourth-class post-offices and four star routes at a cost of more than $1600 per annum.

DELIVERING AND COLLECTING MAIL.

The future of the rural free delivery is fraught with immense possibilities. As an evidence of the interest manifested it may be noted that within a few months after the establishment of the travelling post-office just described there were received 133 applications for duplicate installations from twenty-one different States. Not only has rural free delivery resulted in increased postal receipts and the extension of educational advantages, but farm-lands have been enhanced in value, roads improved, and better prices obtained for farm products as a result of the producers having been brought into daily touch with the state of the markets.

The British government has promised to give a regular delivery of letters to every house in the United Kingdom, and has already accomplished a considerable portion of the task. The introduction of the service thus far has resulted in an increase of fully fifty million letters mailed each year in Great Britain. In America the work has only just been fairly entered upon. Hundreds of new routes are to be established, regulation letter-boxes, uniforms, and wagons provided and other reforms introduced.

THE RISE OF THE COUNTRY CLUBS. *By E. S. Martin*

NOW that we look back on the achievements of the last decade of the nineteenth century, the wonder is not that we see a land filled with country clubs, but that so valuable an adjunct of democratic social life was so long in coming. The land is full of them now. Nearly every considerable city has one or more, and some of the great towns support half a dozen. There must be many more than that that are directly tributary to New York. Yet of the hundreds of them that have sprung up all over the country comparatively few have been longer established than fifteen years. One of the first, perhaps the earliest of all, was the Westchester Club, near New York, though the Brookline Club near Boston must be very nearly as old.

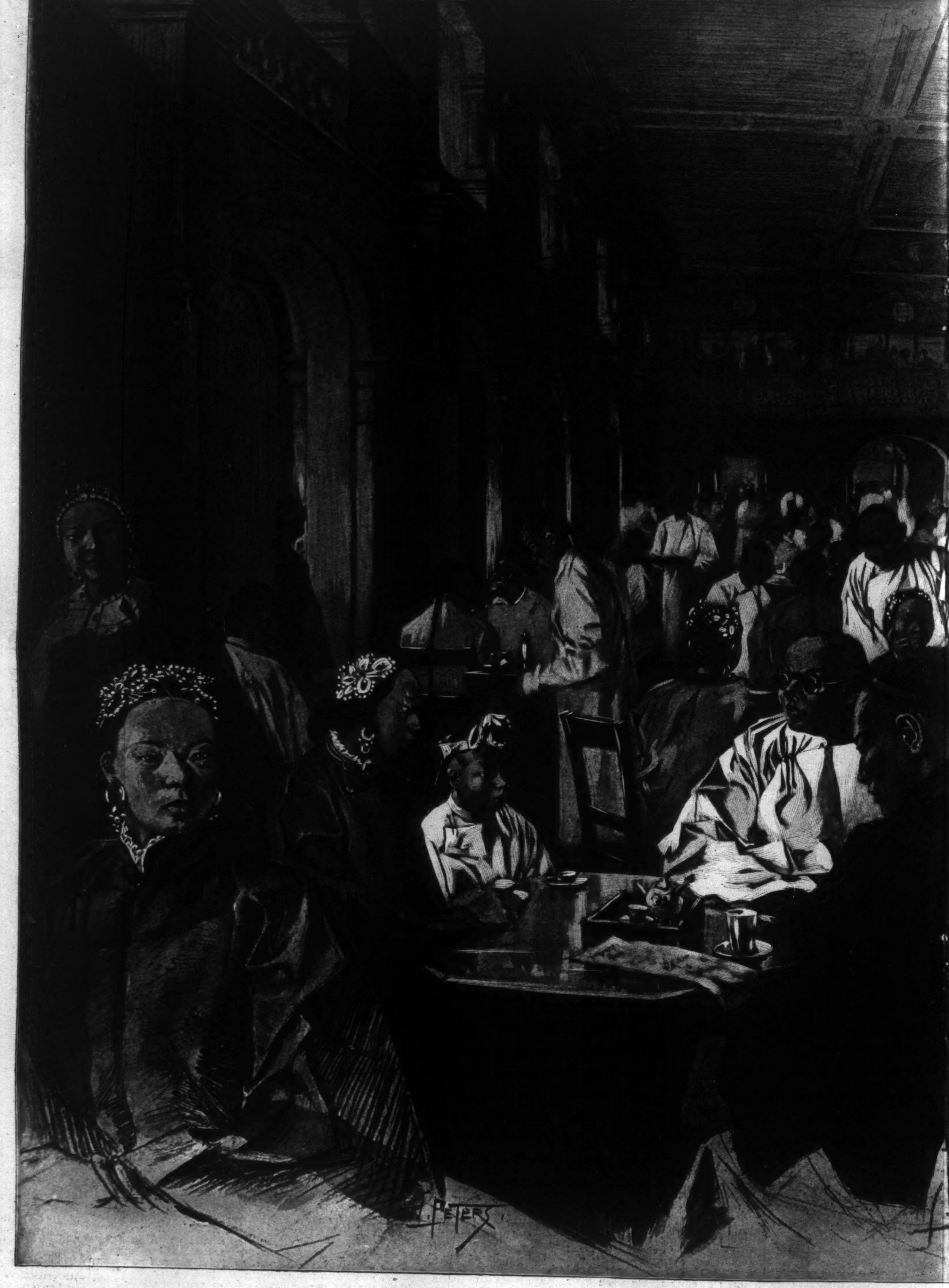
Country clubs are the result of the centralization of population, the increase of wealth, and the discovery of America by the game of golf. The older clubs antedate golf. They represented at the start the sentiment of dwellers in cities that they too were entitled to such periodical refreshment as comes from the sight of green grass, and trees growing out of it. The lovers and owners of horses were their mainstay at first. As towns grew bigger they pushed the country farther and farther off. As wealth increased, more and more persons indulged themselves in those agitating pleasures which are incident to the possession of horses. Soon these horse-owning persons were constrained to have some definite place to drive to; some place beyond the reach of bricks and asphalt, where the air was country air, and where due refreshment for man, woman, and beast could be obtained. There are days in the spring and again in the fall, when all rightly constituted persons feel that they must get into the country. The earlier country clubs ministered to this longing. They provided food and drink, shelter, and the sight of nature. They made the most of tennis, but their main reliance for diversion was the horse. Some of them had courses for steeple-chasing; some of them had polo-grounds. The horse did his utmost for them, and he did well.

But an interest in horse is rather a costly luxury, and the number of those who may cultivate it for amusement is always limited. The unhorsed members of the early country clubs suffered somewhat from a dearth of occupation. Their club for them was a good place to dine, or to spend summer nights when their families had left town. Supported by the interest in horse and the need of places to drive to, a few country clubs would have flourished, and a few more would have languished, but they never would have sprung up everywhere, and established themselves as social institutions. What was needed was a sport fit for all ages of men and some ages of women, that would attract, amuse, and refresh, and afford a new object in country life. Then came golf, heralded by able Scottish writers in books, pamphlets, and magazines, recommended by doctors, statesmen, and sportsmen, with centuries of history behind and a continent before it. Where it landed—whether in Massachusetts, or on the shores of Delaware Bay, or on Manhattan Island—may not here be determined, but it came, it was seen, it was approved, and was promptly invited to take out papers of naturalization. The career of expansion that followed began with the country clubs that were already in existence. Those that were flourishing gave it a hospitable welcome, and at once set about preparations for its maintenance. Those that were languishing jumped at it, planted it where they could, got a crop the first season, and straightway hired more land and planted more.

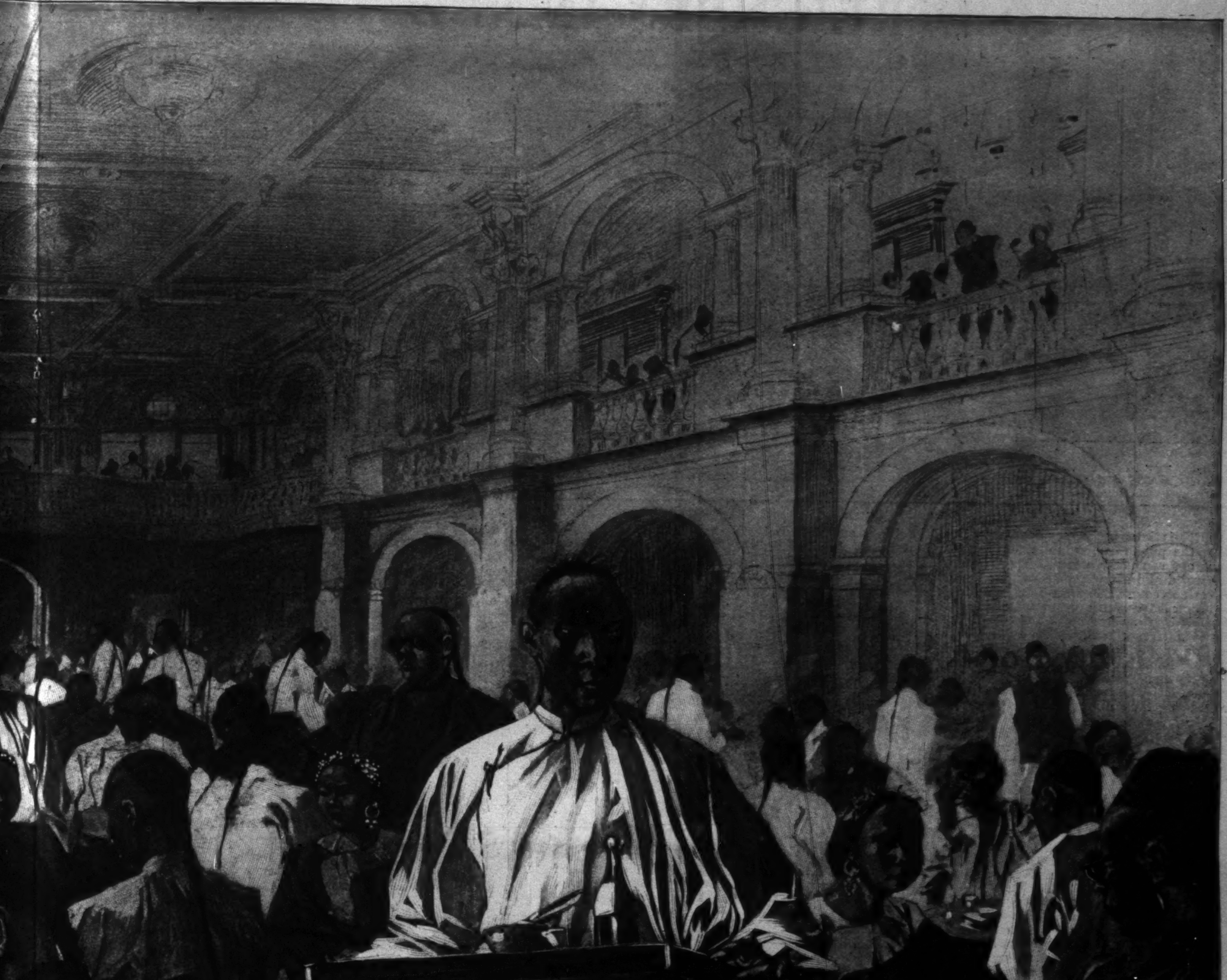
About the same time came along the bicycle and the trolley-car, giving cheap transportation to the horseless, and bringing the country clubs and the country generally into much closer relations with the towns than they had been before. The multiplication of the country clubs followed, in some cases too fast, but much more often in response to a steady and permanent demand. The freeborn American whose circumstances enabled him to command the luxury of a little leisure, a bicycle, a set of golf clubs, and a pair of yellow shoes, realized promptly that for him too the country air and the green fields were good. The country club offered him golf, and he joined it. The stronger the club grew the more moderate the dues became, and the moderation of the dues attracted new members. So now it has come to pass that near most of the larger American towns, and near very many of the smaller ones, you find, as a matter of course, a country club.

Country clubs could hardly flourish in great numbers without golf. To a majority of the active male members golf is the great attraction. Golf keeps up the membership and makes the clubs strong. It is something that most men can do, and that very many men want to do. Golf insures the presence of a sufficient number of men at every live country club on Saturday afternoons and other fit times. But once you have made sure that a group of fit persons will gather at a pleasant place at suitable times, you may count pretty surely that they will attract others who will come to look on, or for purely social reasons. We needed twenty years ago in this country to hit upon some means of promoting and developing country life. In the East the cities and their suburbs had drawn heavily on the rural districts, and a class of well-to-do people who fifty years before had made their homes in the country all the year round had not been perpetuated. Their descendants had either become poor or had moved to town. We had no system of primogeniture to favor the maintenance of great country-places by providing for the concentration of the means to keep them up. We had no dukes, no great châteaux, and very few great country estates with traditions of hospitality. Our rich people have spread out into the country very much since then. Many notable and some magnificent country houses have been built on great estates, where, doubtless, hospitality is cultivated on a scale commensurate with a great apparatus. But as social factors the country clubs have come to be much more important than even these great new country houses. For one thing, country clubs are everywhere, while the country houses of rich people still tend to be grouped in comparatively few favored localities. Moreover, the hospitalities of the country clubs are available to thousands of persons where private establishments entertain scores. Really the numbers of country clubs seem to have attained by co-operation many, if not most, of the advantages which people of wealth derive from country estates. The payment of a moderate annual fee gives them the usufruct of a well-kept country-place, with sports and society furnished ready to hand. To the poor whose poverty is not of exasperating exigency all this is a great boon. Persons whose inclination is towards country life, and who, nevertheless, have social tendencies, need no longer lament that their fortunes are not equal to the maintenance of a big country house. If they can manage to find themselves due shelter within reach of a good country club very many of the most agreeable social pleasures of country life are brought readily within their reach at moderate cost.

And then, when you get tired of your country club, you simply stay away until your appetite for it comes back. It goes on without supervision from you, and when you want it again it is there. Its grass is mowed, its roofs are reshingled; its cooks and waiters come and go. Unless your zeal and capacity have caused you to be singled out to serve on a committee, you give yourself no concern beyond paying your modest dues. Your country-place is kept up for you. When you come back to it in the spring, or after a summer's absence, it is yours as much as ever, and you go out with critical satisfaction to test the resistance of the new bunkers which the golf committee's enterprise has caused to grow while you were away.



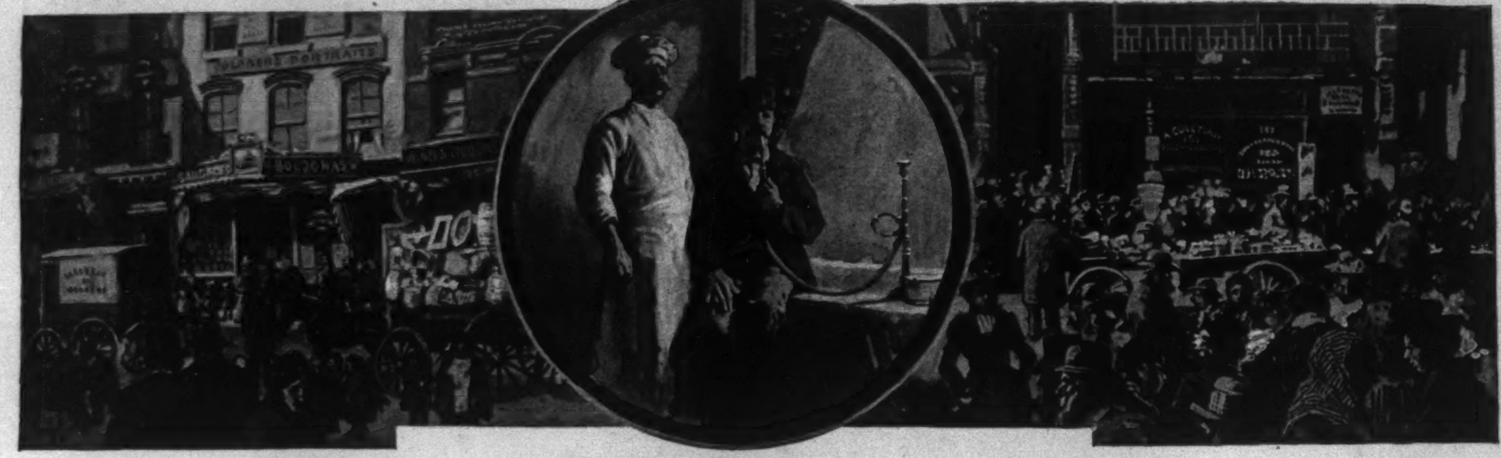
THE CHINESE CLU



LUB AT SHANGHAI

FOOD AND FOREIGNERS IN NEW YORK

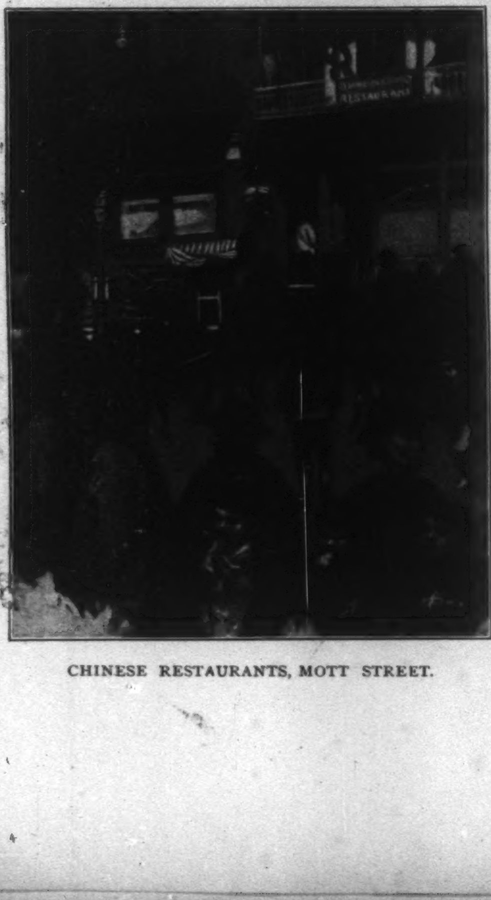
By JOHN GILMER SPEED



A Sausage Factory on the East Side *Habib Assi the Syrian Chef* *Where the Polish Jews do their Shopping*

NEW YORK is immensely cosmopolitan. By visiting the public dining-tables in the metropolis one can make a kind of pilgrimage of the world and eat with the people of the most various countries of the food to which these people have been accustomed at home. This is made possible by the very varied and abundant food-supply that is native or easily produced in this country, though this supply is supplemented for these domiciled aliens by importations directly from the countries whence they came. And so these people who represent every zone, latitude, and meteorological condition of the globe bring their dining-tables with them to this land of plenty, and preserve the tastes and habits which are their heritage. If it be true, as scientists affirm, that physical circumstances are responsible for the widely contrasting diversity of types, and that what a man eats so is he, the lack of real homogeneousness in our foreign quarters becomes almost instantly apparent.

To climatic conditions man attributes his tastes and habits. The isothermal lines are deeply stamped on physical and even on spiritual nature, accounting for vast variations of national character. They make the inhabitants of the islands of the West Indies dreamy and superstitious, those of the northern parts of the temperate zone restless and aggressive, those of the regions farther north sluggish and unprogressive. If the inhabitants of Lapland changed places with those of Egypt, both would suffer decimation almost to a point of extinction, until the human organism underwent a complete metamorphosis—evoked a new and distinct type. But here in this New World metropolis members of vastly different communities herd together on a sort of plane of compromise. By taking care of himself in winter the Mohammedan Arab can make his new home tolerable, while by regarding certain laws and availing himself of various expedients, the man from the extreme north of Europe or Asia may find here in summer a very safe and prosperous refuge. At the same time, the unification of these individual types is only apparent. They may be contiguous, but they are not reciprocal. By religion, tradition, politics, social customs, and codes or morals they are essentially antagonistic, or at least incompatible. It requires generations to eradicate characteristics which have been for generations bred in the bone, and to eliminate those racial antipathies that have been handed down from remotest times. It is noticed that those who come from certain latitudes affiliate more easily with those of the same latitude, although they have been removed by whole continents, but any longitudinal variation is fatal to this immediate conformity. Those who come from middle Europe will antagonize those from the southern, ignoring those of the northern districts, while the man of the south will hold them both in detestation. These small, inbreeding communities of Europe and Asia have developed habits and temper which are perpetually *en garde* against every other community, particularly those longitudinally removed. Coming to a new country, they form conservative bodies, throwing up ramparts on all sides, there to live in the heart of New York the very lives of their native people at home. These racial disparities are never eliminated. At best they merge into the new type by successive intermarriage, making a distinctly new national character.



CHINESE RESTAURANTS, MOTT STREET.

And because New York draws from so many latitudes in our own domain, and because, being a mammoth port of entry, it makes the food products of every other country available to a variety of palates, these racial dissimilarities are maintained and encouraged rather than diminished. Were it compulsory for every foreigner to live on the same kind of food, having adopted this country for a home, the strong barriers between these quarters would be broken down, and the appalling but natural forgathering of various peoples would receive a check. But where it is possible to obtain the same variety of food as an inherited taste demands, diversity exists and will exist for generations. Colony on colony has been established, till well-nigh every country of the globe is represented, whole streets and districts have been taken up, and although within a pistol-shot of one another, in reality as far removed as Paris is from Tonquin and Lapland from the Nile.

INTERIOR OF CHINESE RESTAURANT.

If one wishes to discover what non-conformity characterizes these various quarters, let him go no deeper than the food question, for there he will find the sum and substance of the matter. He will find one man's meat here that would be another man's poison not two blocks away, drink in one district that is held in abhorrence in another, smoke in a third that is odious to the other two, and variety without end. It might be well to dine each day at a new table—in another foreign colony, and as Emerson says, "the otherest." Beginning with the Battery, he might work up town, as from the equator towards the poles, with advantage.

Encountering the Syrians, Arabs, and Turks in Washington Street, he will find an industrious, timid, conservative, frugal, and in a small way prosperous people, not more than three or four thousand in number, intensely patriotic and impulsive. The Northern air acts upon their naturally dreamy, languid temperaments like champagne, so that they have no need for strong drink, and detest it. Café life is one of the features of the colony, and the narghileh and thick Mocha are everywhere in evidence. The restaurants will be found Oriental in decoration, with dishes of primarily a vegetable quality, and the above-ground varieties, such as lentils, egg-plant, pease, and beans, with slightly acid herbs. Meats are of a secondary consideration, and are usually chopped fine with rice and pine-nuts or pistachio, wrapped in sour vine-leaves and cooked in olive oil. The bread is light in color, unleavened, and baked in flat loaves, while cereals in many varieties find favor. Curd and custard, with Mocha coffee, of exquisite variety and carefully prepared for each individual guest, with Turkish cigarettes, complete the repast.

ITALIAN MACARONI CELLARS.

Stepping across Broadway and moving up town a little way, one happens upon the Greek colony. These, while making use of the same fundamental ingredients, being of somewhat the same latitude, have many national dishes, with an equally refined taste, perhaps running more to sweets. The Greeks of Roosevelt Street consume enormous quantities of wild honey, which is imported direct to them, and as the plains of Attica are aglow the greater part of the year with wild flowers, it is easy to see why the wild honey of Greece surpasses our own in flavor and richness. Goat's-milk cheese is here an ingredient of a multitude of dishes, and olives stand as a side-dish through every meal. Here again the vegetable predominates, and the meats are of the lighter varieties—chicken and mutton preferred to pork and beef; but the Greek's antipathy

GREEK RESTAURANT, PEARL STREET.

A FRENCH "PENSION."

for anything Syrian or Turkish extends to matters of diet as well as to politics, although it is in the matter of service principally.

Passing up town, the Russian quarter is encountered in a few moments, and in crossing these few streets one has virtually traversed the whole continent of Europe. Here everything that the Syrian places first the Russian places last. His meats are of the heaviest, fattest varieties, with black and solid bread, few vegetables, and those mostly of the underground varieties—potatoes, carrots, beets. Here there is strong drink in abundance, dark beer and black tobacco, with coffee that a Syrian would regard as a sacrilege on the name. In fact, the Russian would simply starve to death on the diet of his Southern neighbors, while the latter would die of dyspepsia were he to attempt to survive on the Russian diet. For generations the Russian has been fighting winter's cold, while the Syrian has basked in the heat of a semi-tropic sun, and they cannot sit at the same board.

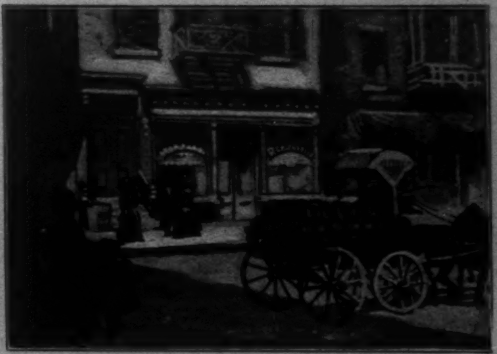
Just across Broadway again we have the Italian quarter—or rather, the mother of all the Italian quarters from Mulberry Bend to the Bronx. Here we have something of both the lighter and the heavier diet, but another ground-work withal. Spaghetti and macaroni furnish the large quantity, while high-seasoned salami, or dried sausages and cheese, give quality to the meal. Here red wine abounds, likewise red pepper and garlic, and the bread is unlike any other, being neither unleavened nor dark, but whole-wheat and wholesome. A lighter variety of tobacco than the Russian's, though not as exquisite in flavor as the Turk's, satisfies the Italian.

By climbing Park Street into Chinatown, we cross two whole continents within three minutes, from Italy to China, Rome to Canton. Here is the greatest change of all. The vegetable again predominates, but of the tastier varieties—delicately steamed rice, Chinese potatoes, barley sprouts, young onions, and celery, with chopped chicken and young pig covered over with mushrooms and dashed with burnt-bean sauce. Here again is alcohol eschewed, tobacco an acquired taste, coffee unknown, and tea everywhere on every occasion. The Chinaman hates the olives of the Syrian, the macaroni of the Italian, and the strong liquor of the Russian, but he is addicted to a habit which all the others regard as a criminal taste—he smokes opium, and in consequence gets along on one meal a day, while the Syrian has three, and the Russian four. Steam-cookery predominates, and spiced and aromatic fruits, nuts, and herbs, like lychee and ginger, give piquancy to the meal, for opium blunts the taste and high seasoning is imperative. Probably no other foreign element in the metropolitan medley imports as many varieties of food products as do the Chinese. Dried meats come in great barrels and crates, with every variety from whole suckling pigs to reed-birds, geese, and fresh-water fish. The catalogue is endless, and shows what sparing but dainty eaters the Chinese are. After abundance of rice hunger is appeased, and whatever the purse affords after that is in the nature of a luxury.

After considering these foods, we can pass up the East Side into the Polish quarters, the Hungarian, and the German. There is a sameness about middle Europe's diet, but there is a strange absence of restaurant life, such as characterizes the lower quarters. The Syrian, Turk, Italian, and Greek are of an intensely social nature, and in their own country meet in the open-air cafés which are of the nature of intellectual symposia. Farther uptown, into the province of middle Europe, let us say, the people have been for generations more shut in, and consequently home life is much more to them. The restaurants of the East Side are poor and far between. If a man has enough income to board at a restaurant, he is considered to have enough to marry and settle down in one of the attic rookeries about, sending his wife down to the push-cart shops that line the street on both sides and make it almost impassable. Of café life, such as in the Greek and Syrian quarters, where men meet to drink coffee and smoke while discussing topics of the times, there are very few, and the saloon is poorly patronized. Not that the East-Sider drinks little, for in truth he drinks a great deal, but it is done at home, and hence the wholesale liquor-dealers thrive; while the illicit distillers, which are now and then unearthed from tenement subcellars by the revenue officers, make fortunes if their clientele is strictly among these tenement folk of their own country, who know how to be quiet and enjoy a good thing without boasting.

MULBERRY STREET CHEESE VENDERS.

EAST SIDE FIVE-CENT RESTAURANT.



TYPICAL GREEK RESTAURANT.

There is a freemasonry among these people which protects the distilleries of each neighborhood from the treachery of those who deal with them. The officers of the law must rely upon other information than that of the residenters, for while an illicit distiller may be giving information to an officer regarding a fictitious band of illicit distillers a few blocks away, the fumes of sour mash may be circling up from his own basement.

Of the French quarter, with its small variety of food and its large variety of sauces, all the others spoken of are in ignorance. Bleecker Street is the beginning of the table-d'hôte district, the East Side form being the "regular dinner" ranging in price from five cents to forty. As we move up town from this point, conventionality increases, and the human family dines much the same everywhere. True, there are Cuban quarters, small but exclusive, where hot dishes are served with tropical fruits; the Japanese have a small colony, and boast of their raw fish smothered in sauce; the Austrians have sets and meeting-places where national dishes are served; and in the region of Third Street near the Bowery the German cook is supreme. But while Americans find something in the cookery of each one of the foreign quarters that he enjoys, those from remote parts of Europe and Asia hold their neighbors' dishes in contempt. Climate and European politics have made these quarters indifferent or else hostile to one another, and very rarely congenial.

Many climates account for diverse national types, and New York has gathered representatives from every inhabitable climate of the globe. The Greek's honey and curd are odious to the flesh-eating Scandinavian. The Turk's olive oil and nuts are hateful to the opium-smoking Chinaman. The east side of Broadway is a sealed community to the west, and what goes on above Grand Street is of no concern to those below. The emigrants have stepped out of the greater Norway, Russia, Hungary, or Sicily, and stepped into the lesser right here in the metropolitan foreign quarters. Affiliation and assimilation are a matter of generations, perhaps of centuries. It is a discouraging outlook from the American stand-point, but the evolution, however slow, is bound to produce a new and distinct type which may, after all, be for the best good of our national character.

FOR THE HONOR OF SPAIN.

By Harold Richard Vynne

ACROSS the shelving fields, where the haze was thickest, one could see the white tents of the invader dotting the landscape like mushrooms. The sun was dispelling the haze bravely, but gradually. It would be hot by-and-by, no doubt. At present the morning was quite perfect.

In the dusty streets of the little town the native and Spanish population moved about or lounged in doorways with the usual indifference. The coming of the Americans was a momentous event, of course, but it was not a calamity. Conquest was inevitable, and the new-comers were known to be of a humane and progressive race. Besides, when you have lived long enough in a tropical climate—particularly one with malaria in it—you cease to feel emotion. You leave that to people who enjoy fatigue.

On the veranda of a low-roofed house, whose white walls made the eyes ache, Captain Juan Sebastian Ferrara paced slowly to and fro. He was a straight, soldierly little man, but his faded uniform hung about his wasted figure limply, and his cheeks were sallow and sunken. Still, his eyes were dark and fiery, and the prodigious sabre that clanked at his heels was sufficiently warlike.

In the cigarette-stained fingers of the Captain's right hand was grasped a narrow strip of blue paper—a telegram delivered to him fifteen minutes ago by a lazy negro messenger riding barefoot on a sleepy mule. Since its receipt the Captain had been thoughtful.

He paused for a moment in his walk, and, using the paper for a shade for his eyes, looked through the vista of flowery fields and bending palms in the direction of the American lines. He could see apparent myriads of men swarming about the hills like ants. It was easy to tell that they were strangers. No resident ever moved with such activity under this sun.

Having finished his scrutiny, Captain Ferrara shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly and turned his back upon the foe—a thing he would not have done if they had been firing upon him. He did it because instinct told him he was about to face a sight infinitely more agreeable. He deftly concealed the telegram in his blouse, as his wife, a lady with quiet eyes and an adorable figure, gently pushed open the door and stepped forth upon the porch.

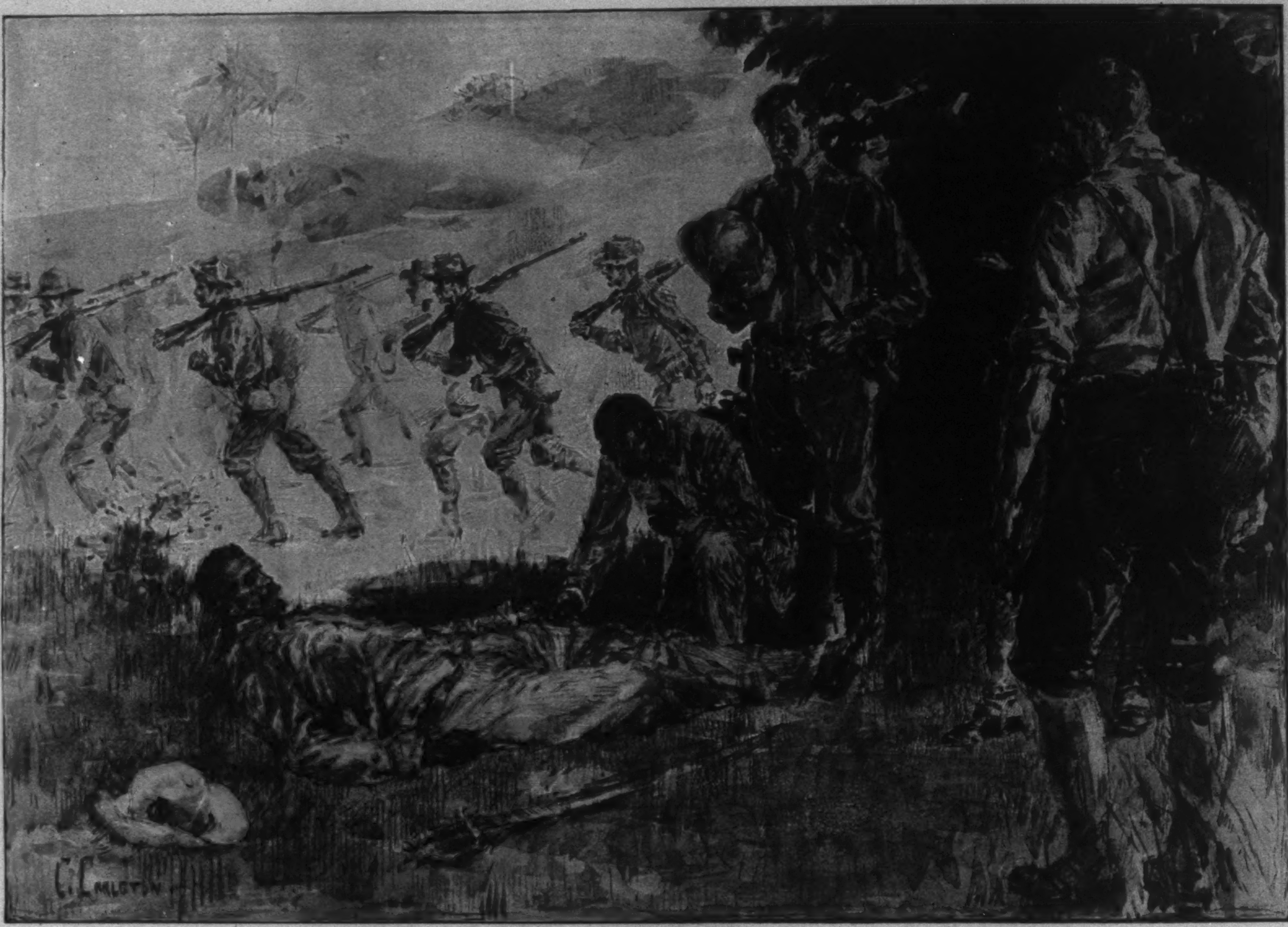
She was dressed in black—that sombre hue so greatly affected by Spanish ladies of gentle blood—and the roses that clustered over the trellis-work behind her gave her beauty a royal setting. The powers of perception possessed by Captain Juan Sebastian Ferrara were keen. His dark eyes shone with approval and pride. After fifteen years he was still his wife's lover. He approached and kissed her hand without a tremor, though that flimsy blue paper beneath his blouse was burning a hole in his heart.

The lady, being certain that the inevitable surrender would be accomplished to-day, and foreseeing an early fulfilment of the dream of her heart—a return to their beloved Spain—was in a rare good-humor. She smiled upon her Captain in a heavenly fashion, and kissed him generously on both his thin cheeks. The wholesome ceremony was scarcely accomplished when a pattering of mercurial feet broke the stillness, and the three olive branches of the house of Ferrara burst upon the scene. Their greeting to their parent was perfunctory, and was followed by a concerted rush for the breakfast table, which stood in a corner, beneath a veritable canopy of the roses.

During the progress of that meal the attention of Captain Ferrara was concentrated chiefly upon his first-born, Sebastian, a grave-eyed stripling of ten, straight as a sapling, and brown as an Indian. At most seasons the Captain strove to teach his son dignity, but on this occasion he took him upon his knee and pushed olives into his mouth with the cigarette-stained fingers. He also, more than once, held him off at arm's-length and surveyed him critically, with eyes that frowned and blinked in the effort of remaining dry.

As for those two little black-eyed imps, the twins, they huddled, as usual, close to their beautiful mother, smeared their round faces with marmalade, and, being feminine, enriched the air with melodious laughter at nothing. It was a happy little scene that was enacted in that family every morning in fine weather. It would have been pretty enough even without the roses. They gave it its perfection.

Affectionately chided by his wife for his lack of appetite, the Captain lied adroitly concerning a wholly fictitious headache. When they had all finished he rose, buckled on the heavy sword that, for ease, he had cast on a bench, and reassured his solicitous lady as to the total lack of cause for anxiety in the events of the coming day. His adieu to her was necessarily undemonstrative, though the stifling of his desire to embrace her as one embraces the eternally lost cost him a pang. Her little son told her, afterwards, that his father had held him so tightly that it seemed every



ONE OF THE SPANISH OFFICERS STOOPED AND PICKED UP A PIECE OF BLUE PAPER.

rib he possessed would crack, but he had borne the ordeal bravely, as became him. Finally, as the Captain strode rather stiffly down the steps, the twins ran after him, roguishly pelting him with roses. With magnificent abstemiousness he stooped and gave them one kiss each, and walked across the lawn like a man who is not hungry in the least.

Only once he turned, to wave his hand at that little group on the veranda—the proud, black-clad figure of the gentle Spanish lady in the centre, her little ones clinging to her silken skirts, and the roses over them all. As he viewed the picture, Captain Ferrara's cheeks paled slightly through the umber stamp of the Porto-Rican sun, and from between his closed teeth there issued a mournful whisper that might have been either a prayer for his loved ones or a malediction upon Fate.

At the tawdry, tumble-down barracks he showed his despatch to four of his comrades—lieutenants. All paled, but none flinched. Under the circumstances, an order to offer resistance to the invaders—and the Governor-General's telegram was to that effect—was an order to commit suicide. One of the lieutenants found heart to say as much.

"And yet," hazarded Captain Ferrara, drawing himself up in such a way that even the faded uniform looked impressive, "it is for Spain."

Four swords flashed from four scabbards and met with a clank over the Captain's head. Four voices rang out in the chorus, "For Spain!" and four faces beamed at the Captain in a very passion of loyalty and devotion.

It was all very melodramatic: nay, it was more like opera-bouffe, or would have been in the absence of the fierce glare of fatal purpose that gleamed from those dauntless, fever-worn faces. The commander was the first to recognize the ludicrous side of the situation.

"The army," he said, with an oddly satirical inflection upon the word, "is not large. It may be mobilized without difficulty." He walked to a window of the low-ceilinged room in which they stood and gave a rapid command to an orderly in the yard. He turned again to his comrades. "There is time, gentlemen," he said, "to drink to Spain."

The wine was brought by a shambling native. The toast was solemnly drunk, and the five officers suddenly looked at one another and laughed.

Not one had the money to pay.

Along the dusty white road trailed a scanty column of men. Their gait was somewhat listless, but their heads were held erect and their arms were carried at a businesslike slant. They were on dress parade and they knew it. At their head rode a small but wiry officer on a superb gray horse that delighted the black babies and grinning wenches at the road-side with its gay caracoling. Shopkeepers came to their doors and smiled as the puny little force went by. It was on its way to surrender, of course, which was quite proper. In an hour, or at most two, the Americans would be here, which was very well. The Americans would bring gold—gold—gold—and every one would be rich.

From the steeple of the one church in the little town a gold cross glittered bravely in the sun. It seemed typical of sacrifice. The tiled roofs gleamed redly in the heat, and across the fields and ravines, in the enemy's direction, the green trees waved and beckoned. The thought of anything but peace seemed ridiculous, until there came from the rocks and crags a mile and a half away the sublime crash of artillery.

So the sun flashed bravely back from the accoutrements of the three hundred as they approached the river, in which a swarm of naked urchins bathed, in beautiful indifference to the horrors of war. As the head of the column crossed the bridge, the rider of the gray horse rose in his stirrups and waved his sword in the direction of a house with a rose-twined veranda, upon which a wife and mother stood, marvelling greatly.

Captain Juan Sebastian Ferrara was strangely irritated. He found himself in a most trying situation. His orders being to fight, there could be no surrender by his command while he lived. Under the circumstances it seemed preposterous that the death he sought should be so long in coming, for in the mean time his brave fellows were being shot down so fast that he felt extremely sorry for them.

His men were deployed on the side of a sloping hill, and as he rode up and down in their front, uttering encouraging words, the absurdity of the conflict amused him. The Spaniards, all in faded uniforms like his own, looked so deplorably small and puny before those long, vivid lines of khaki-clad American giants, remorselessly peppering them from every direction at once! The Captain, who with his plunging and rearing mount offered a most tempting mark, was being used as a target by innumerable sharpshooters, although he did not know it. He only knew that the necessary event of his own demise was exasperatingly tardy in its approach, and he uttered a fretful exclamation whenever he observed one of his soldiers toppling over. Once, when two of his lieutenants dropped their swords and fell, almost side by side, he swore a vigorous oath and spurred his charger madly forward, in a frenzy of impatience.

At the moment that his discontent was keenest, and when he had actually begun to despair of finding the soldier's death that he craved, a peculiar sensation came to the Captain. He had shaken off the deadly lethargy produced by years of residence in the tropics in order to enter this fight to-day, and he felt that lethargy to be suddenly attacking him with resistless force. It was while in the act of placing the cigarette-stained fingers to his lips, to throw a kiss in the direction of the white house with the rose-twined trellises and veranda, that the weakness overtook him. He tried to shake it off, but could not. It caused him to let fall his bridle-rein on the gray horse's neck and relax the grip of his knees on the saddle-cloth. There was a stinging sensation in his chest, just over the heart, and that caused him less distress than the feeling that he was going to sleep. It would never do to give way before his duty was finished. And yet the languor increased. The plunging of his charger now felt like the rocking of a ship, and the roar of the musketry—pah! how foolish! It was not musketry at all! It was the whisper of guitars. And just behind them stood the idol of his heart's worship—his little Sebastian, slender, tall, and straight, regarding him with serene and limpid eyes. And just at this point in his odd imagining, Captain Juan Sebastian Ferrara's head drooped forward upon his chest, though one of his remaining lieutenants caught from his lips the command, uttered hoarsely and with effort: "It is well. Hoist the white flag."

The great American General watched the "battle" from a convenient eminence—not out of the range of fire, for he was a brave man, and always ready to take the chances of war with his troops.

The General observed with much satisfaction that there was no possible chance of the Spanish withstanding the mightiness of the American attack. His 3500 had trapped the 300 most ably. It was like an army of trained athletes attacking an orphan asylum. The General felt the strength of his position and gloried in it. The "battle" could have but one result, and the voters at home would have good news to read. The "battle," in sooth—that unimportant little sputtering fire down there in the centre seemed, even from the General's stand-point, a rather trivial affair. He wished it were over, for the avoidance of loss on his side was desirable. He felt certain that if that crazy little beggar on the gray horse would cease inciting his handful of starved manikins to the folly of resistance, the surrender would be a matter of but a few moments. The entrance of this natural thought into the American General's head was simultaneous with the descent of Captain Juan Sebastian Ferrara from his horse—head-first and shot in five places. And so the white flag went up and the town was taken.

The town, indeed, appeared to regard the affair in the light of a triumph. Bells were rung, songs were chanted, and bouquets made ready to fling at the conquerors. The little affair over there on the hill across the river was a disagreeable necessity, no doubt. It was over. The storekeepers went back to their counters and the naked urchins continued their bathing in the river.

As the troops passed on their way to the town a little group of newspaper correspondents stood conversing with the Spanish officers who had survived. One of them stooped and picked up a piece of blue paper, one corner of which was darkly stained to red. It was the telegram addressed to Captain Ferrara, who now lay in the road near by, peacefully enough, with his fever-worn face towards the house with the rose-twined veranda. A Spanish lieutenant looked at the body, then at the correspondent, nodded—and wept.

The correspondent, a man of note in his own country, turned to his comrades and removed his hat. "Gentlemen," he said, seriously, "I fancy we have witnessed a martyrdom."

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

ONE of the great advantages of the Adirondacks as a place of rest and pleasure is the comparative immunity it seems as yet to enjoy from the ravages of the society reporter. The conditions of happiness which prevail in most parts of the Adirondacks are still reasonably primitive. Still, there are localities in which persons of conceded solvency and tolerably high fashion have lairs that are of such a number and grouped in such propinquity that if they were anywhere else than in the North Woods they must have constituted a fashionable district of sufficient importance to be watched and reported all through the season. In the St. Regis Lakes district, near Paul Smith's, there is a collection of people who, if they were at Newport, would be carefully looked after and constrained to minister to thousands of inquiring minds. On Spitfire and Upper Regis Lakes they dwell in a sweet, mysterious retirement that almost passes belief. Day after day their young people race sail-boats, and the newspapers never so much as bleat the names of the winners. One day last month two of Mr. Stokes's pigs (one black, one white) got loose on the shores of Upper Regis and visited many neighboring camps. If it had happened at Newport the papers would have issued an extra with pictures of Mr. Stokes, his camp, his family, and the pigs. Because it happened in the Adirondacks nothing came of it. Mr. Stokes's hired man got on the trail of the pigs, and in due time came up with them, and escorted them home. The present narrator might never have known of the incident if he had not happened to see the pigs pass. Another day two or three racing sail-boats were upset in a rain squall and a collection of young yachtsmen got wet. No paragrapher seems to have recorded it until now. Truly the retirement of that region is very notable.

One thing that protects it is that there are no roads worth mentioning thereabout, and folks have to go and come in boats, so that news travels slowly. Another advantage is that the wilderness, after all, is pretty big, and its size possibly daunts the news-gatherers. Still another defence is that telegraph tolls are fabulously high. Finally, it rains every day in the Adirondacks (this year), and as very many of the sojourners there live in tents, public interest tends to concentrate itself on keeping dry.

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WHAT an excellent thing it would be for the country, and the newspapers and their readers, and for the people, good, bad, and indifferent, who live in Newport, if this grateful haze of privacy which veils the Regis Lakes could cover Newport also. The Newport tattle is so thin, and some of it so vulgar. Why should the world read on the front pages of the New York papers that Mrs. Blink has sworn out a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Blank's son for hiding Aristarchus Blink's bicycle? It is a fairly good police-news item, but it makes poor reading for a front page. Undoubtedly Mrs. Blank thinks so, though Mrs. Blink may like it. There is a noticeable tide of criticism just now on Newport morals and manners. The main trouble is not that Newport is especially profligate or foolish. It is that the local history of the place is written up every night from June till October and published the following morning, and that naturally enough the more foolish people, being under less restraint of sense and manners than their betters, furnish most of the lively items. If we could only bring ourselves to look upon Newport as a sanitarium, arranged on the popular cottage system, for the reception and treatment of persons suffering from a plethora of income and leisure, we would be able to take it easy, as it deserves to be taken, and the newspapers, as they come to appreciate the reasonableness of our attitude, would print their Newport items in small print on their back pages, instead of in big type on their front pages, so peace would increase in the land, and our minds would be easier, and Newport would be a pleasanter and more wholesome retreat for the innocuously solvent than it can possibly be as it is.

* * *

MR. ST.-GAUDENS, the sculptor, is one of the few Americans whom, if we lost him, we could not replace. The news that he has been ill and came from Paris to Boston about six weeks ago to have an operation done at a Boston hospital has been kept from us happily until it could be accompanied with the assurance that the operation succeeded and the patient is getting well. It is highly important that he should fully recover and resume work, for he is only fifty-two years old, and the country could ill spare a sculptor of his ability while his life work is still so far from complete. When he was taken ill he was at work on the equestrian statue of General Sherman, which, we are told, is now practically finished.

His parentage is interesting: He was born in Dublin. His father was French, his mother Irish, so that he represents two strains, both of which are strong in imagination and aptitude for art.

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IT does not as yet appear whether the farmers of Cass County, Indiana, who have been making war on the Burlington Turnpike Company, are Bryanites who object to toll-gates because they are imperialistic, or McKinleyites who believe in expansion, with such incidental appropriation as may be necessary. The farmers seem very earnest in their objections; so much so that we hear of toll-gate-keepers being warned by them not to resist the destruction of the gate-houses if they would escape destruction themselves. We hear, too, the familiar tale of an appeal to the Governor for troops, and the answering exhortation to the local authorities to exhaust every means in their power. What the rights of the dispute are, if any, has not transpired in these parts. We only know that when a whole community gets tired of toll-roads and wants to undertake the care of its own highways, it is very fortunate if the turnpike company's franchise happens to run out. It is particularly inconvenient for us in New York to consider these tales of wars on turnpike companies in Indiana, because we have riotous troubles of our own on which we have need to concentrate our attention.

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GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, on October 3, 1800, and there is a plan afoot to celebrate next month in that town the hundredth anniversary of that event. The historical and patriotic societies are to meet this week to arrange for the celebration. They hope Senator Hoar will make a memorial address, and he hopes to be able to do so.

Bancroft passed his boyhood in Worcester and lived there for a short time after he came home from his studies abroad. His later life, as will be recalled, was spent chiefly in Washington and Newport, but he was buried in Worcester's Rural Cemetery. On Bancroft Hill, where his father, the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, lived, a Norman tower is being built by Mr. Stephen Salisbury, president of the Antiquarian Society. The dedication of this tower will probably be part of the proceedings of the celebration. It is proposed to set up a tablet to mark the site of the old Bancroft house which no longer exists.

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NO pensioner of the Revolutionary war survives. The last one died in 1869, at the age of 109, but last year there were, and doubtless still are, four Revolutionary widows on the pension rolls, none of them older than eighty-six. Pensioners' widows make little of the lapse of centuries. Judging by precedent it is not improbable that 150 years from now there will still be widows drawing pensions on account of the services of their husbands in our late war with Spain.

Only one pensioner who served in the war of 1812 is left. His name is Hiram Cronk. He is 100 years old and lives in Oneida County, New York. About 2000 widows of 1812 are left in the rolls. The pensioners of the civil war hold out very well indeed. Every year on June 30 they are counted. In June 1898 the number on the lists was 993,714. Last year there were about 2000 less, and this year also there are fewer than in 1898, but the commissioner says that in 1901 the list will beat the record, because an act of Congress, passed last May, has extended the provisions of the law of 1890 so as to let in many thousands of new claimants. About one-quarter of all the pensions go to widows.

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THE earlier conclusions of the census as they are published make a little flutter of excitement for each city whose population they disclose. There are not more than seventy-five millions of us altogether, the census office thinks, and of that number 1,166,582 sleep in Brooklyn. In Manhattan live 1,850,000. In bigger New York 3,437,202; a gain the experts say, of about one million in ten years for the territory now included in the city. That makes New York the second city in the world. It is possible that its rapid accretions delight some persons who have real-estate interests or are prejudiced on other grounds, but for most residents of New York it means little more than higher rents, perhaps, and an increasing disparity between the numbers of seats in a street car and the number of passengers.

In the lesser cities the interest in the census returns is very great indeed. Indianapolis is doubtless superlatively vainglorious over a growth of 60 per cent. (from 105,000 to 169,000) between 1880 and 1890. Omaha, one of the few of the larger towns that have fallen off, is doubtless lugubrious about it. Omaha's apparent loss in ten years is 37,897 (or from 140,452 to 102,555), but the Omahites explain that they have not really gone backwards to that extent, for the truth is that while the census was honestly taken this year, in 1890 the returns included most of the occupants of the cemeteries, and hundreds of others who were still less entitled to be put down.

Cities that are in close rivalry are naturally the ones most excited. How it is with St. Paul and Minneapolis has not at this writing been divulged, but Tacoma and other Northwestern cities accuse Seattle of padding, and are so insistent about it that special agents have been sent to Seattle to investigate.

Boston is less concerned about her size than any of the larger cities. She is sure of her quality, and can doubtless afford to be somewhat indifferent about mere numbers. Her allowance this year is about 550,000, which brings her between St. Louis (575,000) and Baltimore. But Boston, unlike more of the larger cities, has not yet taken in all her suburbs. A greater Boston, including Cambridge and other adjoining cities, would move up the list by several places.

No town of all the lot is more aspiring than Buffalo. It expects to be a huge, overgrown place, bigger than Cleveland and Detroit put together, and whatever growth the present census credits to it, it will insist that it is a nothing to the sure aggrandizement that it sees ahead.

* * *

ONE interesting conclusion of the census-takers is that about 33 per cent. of the population of the United States now lives in cities. Ten years ago the urban population was estimated at 29 per cent. of the whole. In the extreme East much more than a third of the people now live in towns; in the far South and far West much less than a third. But the tendency towards centralization is still strong.

Another interesting conclusion is that in the long-run immigration does not have much effect in increasing population. The South, where few immigrants have gone, seems to have increased in numbers about as fast as the West. As population grows denser the rate of increase falls off. Where a country is filled up with immigrants the rate of increase by births is quickly checked. The population of the United States increased faster by its own efforts between 1790 and 1840, when immigration was light, than it did between 1840 and 1890, when it was heavy. There is matter for meditation in that. During the last decade, which included five years of hard times, immigration has been light.

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A TONAWANDA, New York, report credits Frank A. Hinkey, once a famous Yale football-player, with a positive declaration that he will not help to coach the Yale football team this year. Hinkey says he has business to attend to, and expects to attend to it. His reasons for not becoming a football coach seem very respectable. Coaching is the vocation of some men, and the avocation of a good many others, but it cannot be the avocation of young men in active business unless they live conveniently near the scene of exhortation. Men of independent means, or who don't have to work too steadily, may keep up their connection with college sports for years after leaving college and get pleasure out of it without loss. But that is rarely possible for men who have their living to make, and they should not be criticised if when they get out of college they get clear out.

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MR. SAMUEL PARSONS, Jr., formerly superintendent of parks in New York, and now a landscape architect with headquarters here, has been chosen by the War Department to draw plans for the treatment of that part of Washington south of Pennsylvania Avenue and B Street Southwest, and for a parkway between the reclaimed Potomac Flats and the Zoological Park. He is also to investigate the expediency of making avenues through the Mall, and to report on the plan for a driveway from the lower harbor, through the Mall, past the Washington Monument to Georgetown, and thence by Rock Creek to the Rock Creek Park. The scope of these employments seems to include labors of great importance to the park system of Washington, and implies a high opinion of the professional qualifications of the gentleman to whom the work has been intrusted. Mr. Parsons served New York under Mayor Strong with acknowledged efficiency, and will doubtless do equally good service for Washington.

* * *

MANY lawyers who labored to break the Fayerweather will have gone to their final rest, but the will still frequents the courts, and it is given out that a recent decision of Judge Lacombe will open the way to a promising new line of litigation. The will became operative ten years ago, but it operates imperfectly and with profuse deliberation.

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THERE are rumors of agitation among our fellow-citizens who are interested in ceramics over the possibilities of loot from Peking. The collectors have reason to believe that there is, or was, a great deal of valuable junk of various sorts in the Chinese capital which is bound to make excitement whenever it comes to market. They are a good deal stirred. They do not go so far as to hope that Peking will be sacked, but they are fervent in hope that if it is sacked every soldier will carry on his arm a large covered basket filled with excelsior, so that the fragile fruits of pillage may come to market in good order. China may be broken up for all the collectors care, but they want protection and careful handling for the Chinese porcelains.

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THE last news from China, at this writing, comes by way of Shanghai, and hints at a battle in which the allies lost heavily. No one will worry over it. Shanghai is now recognized as the seat of the foremost liars in the world. The city has already enriched the English language with the verb "to shanghai," meaning to kidnap for service at sea. Now "shanghaied news" has brought to the same word a new meaning. There seems to be no prospect of bringing to repentance any one who is personally or commercially responsible for the promulgation and reiteration of the Shanghai lies which we have suffered from this summer.

THE PROGRESS of the CAMPAIGN

ALL uncertainty as to the make-up of the Populist national ticket has been dispelled by the selection of Adlai E. Stevenson to fill the vacancy caused by the refusal of Charles A. Towne, of Minnesota, to become the party's candidate for Vice-President. Through the selection of Mr. Stevenson all the tangles in the national tickets of the Democrats and their allies, the Populists and Silver Republicans, have been straightened out. Mr. Bryan has only one running mate this year, Mr. Stevenson. United States Senator Butler, the national chairman of the Populist party, objected to the selection of Mr. Stevenson to the very last, and it was through his influence that the vote was not made unanimous. There were only three votes out of ninety-five in the meeting of the Populist National Committee that were opposed to Mr. Stevenson when the final selection was made in Chicago on August 27. It required nearly six hours of debate to settle the matter. At the close of the meeting Chairman Butler practically declared that he would support the ticket.

All that remains now to place the national ticket of the Democrats and their allies before the people politically and in strict legal form is to arrange a scheme for dividing, in proper proportion, the Presidential electors in the various States. In some of the States, of course, there will probably be no Populists on the list of Bryan and Stevenson electors. In other States, however, there will be a goodly proportion of them, in accordance with the fusion programme, but it is altogether unlikely that in any one State there will be more Populists than Democrats on the allied anti-Republican ticket.

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ON his way to and from the Populist notification ceremonies in Topeka, Kansas, Mr. Bryan indulged in campaigning in Nebraska and Kansas. He drew large crowds, but it seems to be the general opinion that the tour was something of a disappointment because of a lack of enthusiasm in comparison with the stirring scenes that marked his progress in those and other States four years ago. Mr. Bryan had very little to say about free silver upon the trip. He confined himself largely to the Imperialism issue, but when he did speak of free silver the Republicans complained that he was not entirely fair. He intimated that coinage of silver at the rate of 16 to 1 was going on in the mints at the present time, and the inference was that the Republicans were not sincere in their opposition to that rate of coinage. The fact of the matter is, of course, that what coinage of silver is taking place is of a special nature and required by special law for a special purpose. It affects the positions of neither of the great parties in the remotest degree on the financial question.

Mr. Bryan is hastening all his literary work, especially the writing of his letter of acceptance, so that he may get out on the stump and arouse the voters of his party. It is now generally believed that he will spend at least six weeks in speaking in various parts of the country. There will probably be four or five speeches in New England, and the candidate will also visit New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland on his trip. He will probably start out about the middle of September and devote a large part of his time to campaigning in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky.

It had been Mr. Bryan's intention to attend the National G.A.R. Reunion just held in Chicago. President McKinley had accepted an invitation to be present, and the managers thought that it would divest the occasion from any suggestion of partisanship if Mr. Bryan should also be asked to attend. The delicate situation in China made it necessary for Mr. McKinley to give up his visit to his home in Canton and to return to Washington. He soon found that it would be out of the question for him to go to the G.A.R. Encampment, owing to the extremely responsible position into which the Chinese situation has forced him. For various reasons Mr. McKinley has practically taken the management of diplomatic affairs, so far as they relate to China, into his own hands. He was, therefore, compelled to send word to Chicago that he would be unable to meet the veterans of the civil war. Mr. Bryan, as soon as the President's decision was made known, telegraphed that a feeling of delicacy made it necessary for him to withdraw his acceptance of the invitation sent by the G.A.R. officials, and therefore he would not be present. It is worthy of remark, however, that the President is a member of the G.A.R., and it was solely on that ground of membership that he intended to visit the encampment. Mr. Bryan is not a member of the G.A.R., of course, and his suggestion that he would not attend the meeting because it might give an air of partisanship to his actions is indicative of his original view as to the desirability of attending the meeting.

❧

PROBABLY no more important utterance of an individual, Presidential candidates excepted, has been made during the campaign than that delivered by Secretary Gage of the Treasury Department in Washington on August 25, in which he, Mr. Gage, declared that Mr. Bryan, if elected President, would have no difficulty in breaking down the gold standard. Some of the former Gold Democrats, who through their support of the Anti-Imperialism idea have declared their intention of voting for Mr. Bryan, have asserted vigorously from time to time that if Mr. Bryan were elected President he could really do no harm in financial matters. They have declared that the Senate would probably remain Republican, and that it was altogether improbable that a free-coinage bill would ever reach Mr. Bryan as President. Mr. Gage, who has mastered the actual workings of financial affairs from every stand-point, and especially from the Treasury Department's stand-point, makes plain that Mr. Bryan could put the country on a silver basis practically without legislation. Mr. Gage said:

"There is no doubt that Mr. Bryan could order a Secretary of the Treasury to make payment in silver of all of the public debt payable in coin, and for all current disbursements of the government as well, which amount to $1,500,000 or $1,750,000 a day. That he would give such an order is very certain if he is in the same mind that he was in 1896, for then he was quoted as saying, 'If there is any one who believes that the gold standard is a good thing or that it must be maintained, I want him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him it will not be maintained in the country longer than I am able to get rid of it.'

"The announcement by the Treasury Department of its purpose to pay silver in settlement of all interest on the public debt, not specially payable in gold, and to make its daily disbursements to its creditors in silver, would stop the inflow of gold, or at least very largely diminish payments in gold, and correspondingly increase payments into the Treasury of silver and silver certificates. Therefore, it might be anticipated that with a good deal of perverse ingenuity the time would come, at no distant day, when all the revenues of the government would be paid to it in silver dollars or silver certificates, and all disbursements made by it would be made in silver dollars or silver certificates. There would thus be established a circuit of silver out of the Treasury into the hands of the people, from the people to the banks, from the banks to the Custom House, and from the hands of collectors of revenue. That would no doubt be accomplished, and the government, properly speaking, would be on a silver basis.

"The effect would be deplorable. Every one would be in a state of fear, and when people are afraid, they will either run or hide. Commercial dulness would succeed the present commercial activity, and we would again witness that industrial paralysis which characterized the years 1893-96."

❧

IN the week that has just passed, an exception to the rule thus far, no man of distinguished importance in the country has turned from Bryan to McKinley. Nevertheless, the week has not been without an incident closely resembling the announcement of the conversion of some distinguished man. The Hon. Charles Denby, who for a dozen years was minister to China, and who might be characterized properly as a Cleveland Democrat, but who lately has been associated with the McKinley administration, having become a member of the first commission to the Philippines, owing to his familiarity with the political situation in the Orient, has declared himself in favor of the re-election of Mr. McKinley. Mr. Denby does not join the Republican party. He is an ardent believer in expansion, however, and has participated in the extension of the expansion idea, as laid down by a Republican administration, and he cannot accept the utterances of Mr. Bryan nor the deliverance of the Kansas City platform on the Philippines situation. He is quoted as saying:

"Disguise it as you may, the real question before the people is whether the armies of the United States shall be withdrawn at once, now and forever, and the islands turned over to the Tagals. Mr. Bryan would, as Commander-in-Chief, have the power to recall the armies, and if he did he would let loose the horrors of a terrible revolution. As nobody advocates that course openly, it is hardly necessary to attack him. Still, Mr. Bryan in some speech may even reach that altitude of recklessness.

"I am not defending the Republican party, but I am defending William McKinley. In the most difficult period of our history he has proved himself equal to all the demands upon him. He has acted with an eye single to the good of the country. In diplomacy he displayed qualities of the highest order, and in military affairs he was remarkably successful. He eminently deserves re-election."

Among the men of what might be called minor importance who have declared for McKinley in preference to Bryan is George W. McDonald, the secretary of the Gold Democratic State Committee of Indiana and a nephew of former United States Senator Joseph E. McDonald, of that State. Mr. McDonald declared that the Imperialism issue was nothing but a bogie, and that no one in his senses had any idea that Mr. McKinley intended to set himself or any other man up as an Emperor. A significant fact of the drift of affairs in Colorado is that of the sixteen delegates to the Republican Convention in St. Louis in 1896 from the State of Colorado who, headed by Senator Teller, walked out of the convention, all but two, Mr. Teller and a negro, have returned to the Republican party and will support McKinley this year. General Isaac S. Catlin, formerly of Brooklyn, who in recent years was identified with the Democratic party, has announced his advocacy of McKinley's election on the expansion issue. Hambleton & Co., of Baltimore, the well-known bankers, whose influence in the South is marked, and who hitherto have been known as "dyed-in-the-wool" Democrats, have issued a circular indorsing the McKinley administration, and declaring that Bryan's election would be a staggering blow to the material prosperity of the South.

Probably the best-known man of minor importance who was expected to vote for Bryan, but who has come out for McKinley, is Governor Hazen S. Pingree, of Michigan. Mr. Pingree was elected Governor as a Republican, but he has been at odds with the active managers of the Republican party, and to a large extent with its tendencies, and it seemed to be expected as a natural thing that he would declare for Bryan. National Chairman Jones of the Democratic party said in an interview recently that he understood that Governor Pingree "might be" for Bryan. This stirred up Governor Pingree's wrath. He said that he should vote the Republican ticket, and added: "In my opinion, it is the patriotic duty of every man who is in the habit of voting the Republican ticket to keep up his allegiance in the hope of finally rescuing Republicanism from the clutches of Hannaism. Such being the case, I shall probably vote for McKinley and hope for the best."

❧

THE political situation in New York State continues to be of national interest, because practically it is the only storm centre of importance. In that storm centre is Comptroller Bird S. Coler, and revolving about him in a whirl are the combatants made up of Hill and Croker factions of the Democratic party. Mr. Croker is making the most noise. Mr. Hill, in accordance with his usual custom, employs the quiet method of fighting. Mr. Croker and his associate in the management of his wing of the party in New York State, former Senator Murphy, have announced with positiveness that they have Mr. Coler beaten for the nomination for Governor. It is agreed generally that if Mr. Coler could get the support of Kings County and Boss McLaughlin, he would win the nomination easily. It is also believed that if he could secure even a part of the Brooklyn delegates to the State convention, such delegates as would come to him in the natural course of events and without much exertion, he would win the nomination. The Democratic primaries at last accounts by no means indicated that Coler would win. That old engine of oppression the unit rule in the vote of counties will probably be invoked against Mr. Coler's aspirations. Nevertheless, the movement in favor of Mr. Coler is spreading rapidly throughout the party in the State, and Mr. Hill and his associate, Mayor McGuire of Syracuse, by no means seem to be leading a forlorn hope in the advocacy of the cause of the stalwart young opponent of Tammany Hall and advocate of common honesty and common decency in public life, Bird S. Coler.

❧

MR. CROKER has again attracted attention as a public speaker. When Mr. Croker talks some profound gems of wisdom usually fall from his lips. Before the Executive Committee of Tammany Hall last week he declared that there was no more show in this country for ambitious young men. He made this statement:

"The young man may get a start or what looks like one, but I don't care what he is, clerk, messenger, bookkeeper, anything that you please, there is no ladder on which he can climb. Hundreds of letters come to me every day from young men telling me just these things, and hundreds of letters come, too, from young men telling that they can't get employment."

Mr. Croker also discovered that "hundreds of little grocery-stores" and other shops had gone out of business, and he declared that the one thing to blame for all these evils was the trust. Of course Mr. Croker made no mention whatever of the numerous ice companies that have gone out of business in New York city within two or three years, and if he had any conception of the fact that he was at the head of the biggest political trust in the United States he made no mention of it.

❧

A CURIOUS incident in political affairs is the determination of the W.C.T.U. women of Indiana to defeat McKinley's re-election, because of his alleged stand on the army canteen question. "Endless chains" of prayer, to last until election day, are to be put in operation at once.

❧

THE spirit of bitterness in the factions in the Democratic party in New York State has been intensified by the appearance of former Lieutenant-Governor William F. Sheehan, who went to Buffalo recently in an effort to combat the Croker influence in that city. He made a strong attack upon Mr. Croker and made a statement in Buffalo in which he said:

"I have no quarrel with any Democratic leader or so-called boss, but I venture to suggest that the further offensive bossism is buried in the next State convention the better it will be for Democratic prospects. If the Democrats of this State are wise enough to retain with their own hands the power of nominating a State ticket, we will attract that large body of independent voters always necessary to Democratic success."

On the Republican side of the State canvass in New York there is no change in the situation, except that ex-Mayor Schieren of Brooklyn has declared that he cannot become a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Odell will undoubtedly be named for Governor by the Republicans, as has already been arranged.

Mr. Dooley*

XXXVII.—ON A BACHELOR'S LIFE

"IT'S always been a wondher to me," said Mr. Hennessy, "ye niver marrid."

"It's been a wondher to manny," Mr. Dooley replied haughtily. "Maybe if I'd been as aisy pleased as most—an' this is not saying annything again you an' ye'ers, Hinnissy, f'r ye got much th' best iv it—I might be th' father iv happy childher an' have money in th' bank awaitin' th' day whin th' inthrest on th' morgedge fell due. 'Tis not f'r lack iv opporchunities I'm here alone, I tell ye that, me bucko, f'r th' time was whin th' sound iv me feet 'd bring more heads to th' windies iv Ar-rchey r-road thin 'd bob up to see ye'er fun'ral go by. An' that's manny a wan."

"Ah, well," said Mr. Hennessy, "I was but jokin' ye." His tone mollified his friend, who went on:

"To tell ye th' truth, Hinnissy, th' raison I niver got marrid was I niver cud pick a choice. I've th' makin' iv an excillint ol' Turk in me, to be sure, f'r I look on all th' sect as iligeable f'r me hand, an' I'm on'y resthrained fr'm r-rentin' Lincoln Park f'r a home an' askin' thim all to clave on'y to me be me nachral modesty an' th' laws iv th' State iv Illinye. 'Twas always so with me, an' I think it is so with most men that dies bachelors. Be r-readin' th' pa-apers ye'd think a bachelor was a man bor-rn with a depraved an' parvarse hathred iv wan iv our most cherished institootitions, an' anti-expansionist, d'ye mind. But 'tis no such thing. A bachelor's a man that wud extind his benificint rule over all th' female wurruld, fr'm th' snow-capped girls iv Alaska to th' sunny eileens iv th' Passyfic. A marrid man's a person with a limited affiction—a protictionist an' anti-expansionist, a mugwump, be hivins. 'Tis th' bachelor that's keepin' alive th' rivrince f'r th' sect.

"Whin I was a young man, ye cud search fr'm wan end iv th' town to th' other f'r me akel with th' ladies. Ye niver see me in thim days, but 'twas me had a rogue's eye an' a leg far beyant th' common r-run iv props. I cud dance th' best iv thim, me voice was that sthrong 'twas impossible to hear annywan else whin I sung 'Th' Pretty Maid Milkin' th' Cow,' an' I was dhressed to kill on Sundahs. 'Twas thin I bought th' hat ye see me wear at th' picnic. 'Twas 'Good mornin', Misther Dooley, an' will ye come in an' have a cup iv tay?' an' 'How d'ye do, Misther Dooley? I didn't see ye at mass this mornin',' an' 'Martin, me boy, dhrop in an' take a hand at forty-fives. Th' young ladies has been askin' me ar-re ye dead.' I was th' pop'lar idol, ye might say, an' manny's th' black look I got over th' shouldher at picnic an' wake. But I minded thim little. If a bull again me come fr'm th' pope himsilf in thim days whin me heart was high, I'd tuck it into me pocket an' say, 'I'll read it whin I get time.'

"Well, I'd take wan iv th' girls out in me horse an' buggy iv a Sundah, an' I'd think she was the finest girl in th' wurruld, an' I'd be sayin' all kinds iv jokin' things to her about marredge licenses bein' marked down on account iv th' poor demand, an' how th' parish priest was thinkin' of bein' thransferred to a parish where th' folks were more kindly disposed to each other, an' th' likes iv that, whin out iv th' corner iv me eye I'd see another girl go by, an' bless me if I cud keep th' lid iv me r-right eye still or hold me tongue fr'm some such unfortchnit remark as, 'That there Molly Heaney's th' fine girl, th' fine, sthrappin' girl, don't ye think so?' Well, ye know, afther that I might as well be dhrivin' an ice-wagon as a pleasure rig; more than wanst I near lost th' tip iv me nose in th' jamb iv th' dure thryin' to give an affictshionate farewell. An' so it wint on, till I got th' repytation iv a flirt an' a philandhner f'r no raison at all, d'ye mind, but me widespread fondness. I like thim all, dark an' light, large an' small, young an' old, marrid an' single, widdied an' divorced, an' so I niver marrid annywan. But ye'll find me photygraft in some albums, an' me bills in more thin wan livery stable.

"I think marrid men gets on th' best, f'r they have a home an' fam'ly to lave in th' mornin', an' a home an' fam'ly to go back to at night; that makes thim worruk. Some men's domestic throubles dhrives thim to dhrink, others to labor. Ye r-read about a man becomin' a millyonnaire, an' ye think he done it be his own exertions whin 'tis much again little 'twas th' fear iv comin' home impty handed an' dislike iv stayin' ar-round th' house all day that made him rich.

"But with a bachelor 'tis diff'rent. Ye an' I ar-re settin' here together an' Clancy dhrops in. Clancy's wife's away, an' he's out f'r a good time, an' he comes to me f'r it. A bachelor's f'r th' enjymint iv his marrid frinds' vacations. Whin Clancy's wife's at home, an' I go to see him, he r-runs th' pail out in a valise, an' we take our criminal dhrink in the wood-shed. Well, the three iv us sits here an' pass th' dhrink an' sing our songs iv glee till about iliven o'clock; then ye begin to look over ye'er shouldher ivry time ye hear a woman's voice, an' fin'lly ye get up an' yawn an' dhrink ivrything on th' table, an' gallop home. Clancy an' I raysume our argymint on th' Chinese sityation, an' afterwards we carol together, me singin' th' chune, an' him doin' a razor-edge tinor. Thin he tells me how much he cares f'r me, an' proposes to rassle me, an' weeps to think how bad he threats his wife, an' begs me niver to marry, f'r a bachelor's life's th' on'y wan, an' 'tis past two o'clock whin I hook him on a frindly polisman an' sind him thrippin'—th' polisman—down th' sthreet. All r-right so far. But in th' mornin' another story. If Clancy gets home an' finds his wife's rayturned fr'm th' sea-side or th' stock-yards, or whereiver 'tis she's spint her vacation, they'se no r-rest f'r him in th' mornin'. His head may sound in his ears like a automobill, an' th' look iv an egg may make his knees thremble, but he's got to be off to th' blacksmith shop, an' Hivin help his helper that mornin'. So Clancy's gettin' r-rich, an' puttin' a coopoly on his house.

"But with me 'tis diff'rent. Whin Phibbius Appollo, as Hogan calls th' sun, raises his head above th' gas-house, I'm cuddled up in me couch, an' Morpus, Gawd iv sleep, has a sthrangle holt on me. Th' alarm clock begins to go off, an' I've just sthrength enough to raise up an' fire it through the window. Two hours aftherward I have a gleam iv human intillygince, an' hook me watch out fr'm undher th' pillow. 'It's eight o'clock,' says I. 'But is it eight in th' mornin' or eight in th' evenin'?' says I. 'Faith, I dinnaw, an' divvle a bit care I. Eight's on'y a number,' says I. 'It riprisints nawthin',' says I. 'They'se hours enough in th' day f'r a free man. I'll tur-rn over an' sleep till eight-wan, an' thin I'll wake up refrished,' I says. 'Tis iliven o'clock whin me tired lids part f'r good, an' Casey has been here to pay me eight dollars, an', findin' me not up, has gone away f'r another year.

"A marrid man gets th' money, Hinnissy, but a bachelor man gets th' sleep. Whin all me marrid frinds is off to worruk, poundin' th' ongrateful sand an' wheelin' th' rebellyous slag, in th' heat iv th' afthernoon, ye can see ye'er onfortchnit bachelor frind perambulatin' up an' down th' shady side iv th' sthreet, with an umbrelly over his head, an' a wurrud iv cheer fr'm young an' old to enliven his lonliness."

F. P. DUNNE.

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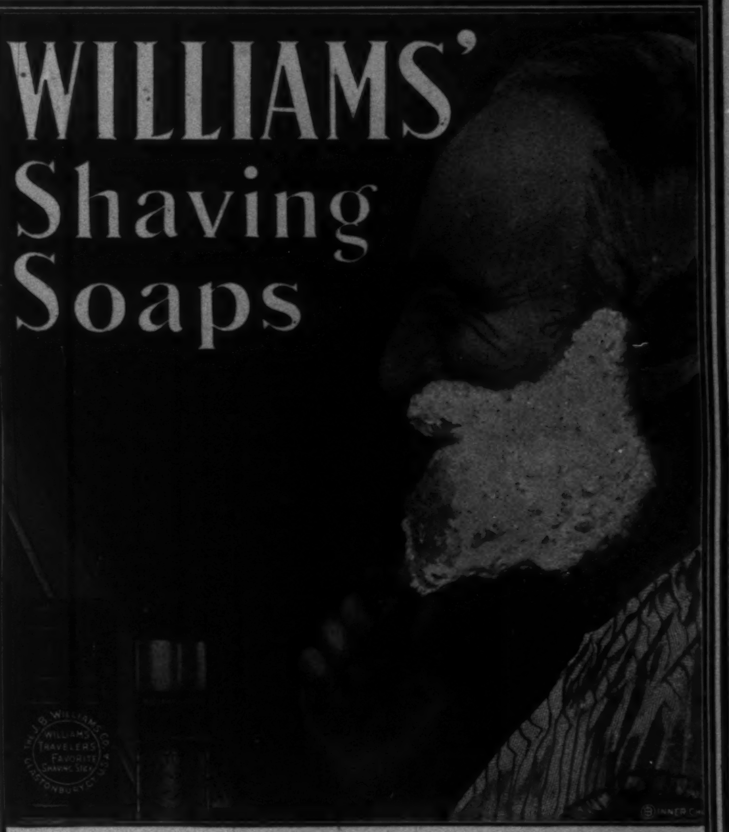

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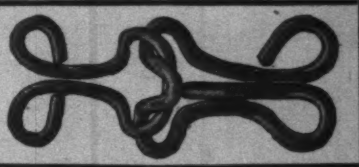

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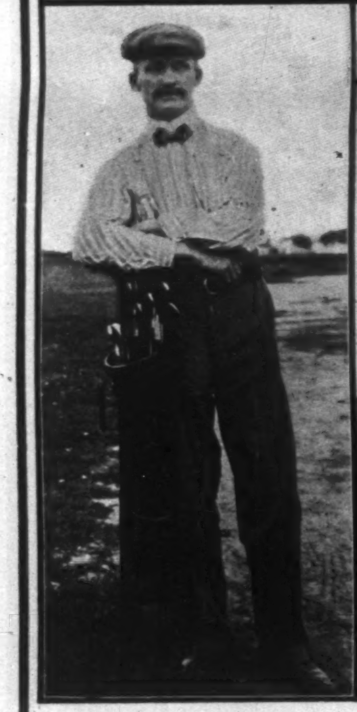

J. H. TAYLOR.

The Referee. H. V. Croker. Frank Croker.

TAYLOR APPROACHING TO FOURTH GREEN.

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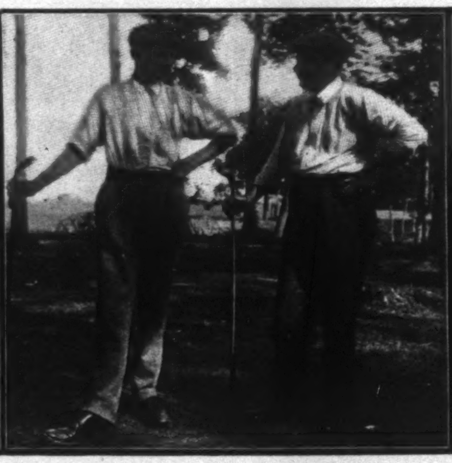

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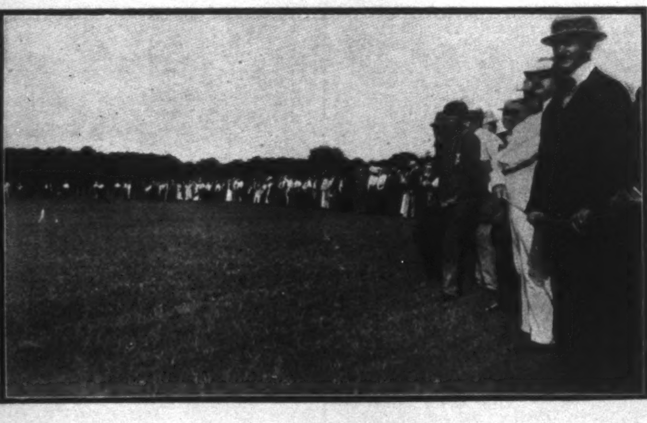

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J. H. TAYLOR'S FIRST EXHIBITION MATCH.

The Open Golf Champion *vs.* the Best Ball of Wilson and Norton, Professionals, Deal Golf Club, August 24, 1900. Best Ball won by 6 up and 4 to play, 36 Holes.

Photographs by T. C. Turner.

A Northern Paradise

CLOSE to the international boundary-line, midway between the two oceans, is an elevated plateau where the waters flow, partly to the north, to fall into Hudson Bay, and partly to the south, eventually to empty into the Gulf of Mexico. To the eastward the waters find their way into Lake Superior, and thence to the Atlantic. Unlike the bleak Pamirs, which the Afghans call "the Roof of the World," this roof of the North American continent is fertile in the extreme. "It is beyond the Alleghanies," wrote Allison, in the early part of the century, speaking of the prairies about the head-waters of the Mississippi, "that the garden of the world is to be found." And Catlin, after his visit to the country of the Mandans, in the heart of what is now Dakota, described it as "one of the most beautiful champaign countries of the world, continually alternating into timber and fields of the softest green," and he ventures the prediction that it is here, on these fruitful prairies, that "the true character of the American is to be found," and Allison attributes the wonderful well-being and increase of the Americans to the free land which provides them with comfortable homes and a plentiful subsistence.

Yet the story is told that when the Northern Pacific Railroad was first undertaken it was thought that a long trestle would have to be built to carry the road over the wide uninhabitable marshes of the Red River Valley. But with the rising of the sun on our Western empire, marsh and desert have alike disappeared like the fogs of night, and in their place is found the garden of the world, the "bread-basket of America," from which bread-stuffs are shipped to Europe, to South America, and to Asia.

Much, perhaps too much, has been written of the "bonanza" wheat farms of the Dakotas. The farming that is reduced by wholesale methods to a mechanical science has great attractions to many, but it is not the ideal farming, after all. To employ gangs of laborers who under superintendents and bosses plough and sow, reap and thresh, by the best of labor-saving machinery, is pleasant for the proprietor, who is usually a non-resident, and it gives somewhat uncertain employment to some hundreds of "hands" who have no interest whatever in the soil, but it is not the farming upon which a State will depend for its prosperity in the future. Dakota, it is true, in her level prairies, her rich soil, and favorable climate, offers special inducements to wholesale farming, but it none the less promises comfortable homes and abundant prosperity to the *bona fide* farmer or resident agriculturist. Allison saw the secret of America's prosperity in the absence of tenant farmers. "Over the whole of America," said he, "there is not to be found a single farmer in the European sense of the word—that is, a cultivator who pays rent to a landlord for the ground which he occupies."

Dakota not only raises the best wheat in the world, but the best of nearly everything produced in the Northern States. Mr. McKissick, superintendent of the big Grandin farm at Mayville, points out that the corn belt is gradually being extended north, and predicts that before the century ends, or in the early dawn of the next, the corn of North Dakota will hold the same unrivalled position in the markets of the world as her No. 1 hard wheat has held for the past twenty years. Dakota barley is sound and hard and has as good a rating among brewers as the Canadian, although North Dakota, being a prohibition State, has no use for the beer within her own borders. It may be said of all grains that the rich soil and the long days of mellowing sun conduce to the production of a remarkably hard and heavy berry, rich in all the elements of flesh-forming food. As her wheat runs as high as 18 per cent. of albuminoids (the highest of any sample yet analyzed in the United States), compared with 12.15, the average of American wheat,* so all her grains show a like quality, making them especially valuable for the feeding of horses and cattle, and her grasses also show from 13 to 24 per cent. of albuminoids against 7 per cent. in Eastern grasses,** making Dakota hay as good as common oats for feeding purposes. Root crops and vegetables grow to perfection, potatoes yielding 150 to 350 bushels to the acre, large, sound, and mealy, and onions yielding 350 to 600 bushels to the acre, large, dry, and mild. Nebraska has paid more attention to the sugar beet than her more northern neighbors, where wheat is the staple crop, but it is believed that the Dakota beet will prove dryer and richer in saccharine than any other in the land. Commissioner Helgisen reports a number of analyses averaging 12.5 per cent. sugar, against an average of 12 per cent. in Nebraska.

Fruit is just beginning to receive the attention it deserves in Dakota, and in the hilly and rough country apples, pears, and cherries are being cultivated with success. Strawberries grow wild on the prairies and along the streams, and in the willow and elder copses raspberries and other small fruit grow in abundance.

And stock? It has already been said that Dakota's grains and grasses are such as are best calculated to create the best physical condition in an animal, and her abundant sunshine and atmosphere of ozone are equally adapted to insure early maturity and perfect health. Bos, equus, and homo, all thrive in Dakota, and as evidence of the fact that wheat has not entirely monopolized the attention of her farmers, may be cited live-stock to the value of $20,000,000, including some of as fine blood as may be found anywhere in the land. The sheep and wool industry is rapidly increasing, and over 20,000 head were brought into the State in 1896.

Socially, this great Northern empire is even more interesting than it is agriculturally. They have, it is true, tried no radical experiments, nor have they gone crazy over political or financial theories. On the contrary, they have quietly kept at their work, cultivated their farms and "sawed wood." And the result has justified their conservatism and their industry. The population of North Dakota has not only wonderfully increased, but has gathered to itself the best in the land, numbering 225,000 in 1896. In 1880 the whole Territory of Dakota had but 135,000, and in 1860 Minnesota, which then included Dakota, had less than 5000 souls, or about the population of a single block in the Sixth Ward of New York. Taking the census of 1890, when the population was 182,700, more than nine-tenths agricultural, of the 28,200 families occupying farms, 8122 were Americans, 4048 English Canadians, and 2275 from the British Isles, so that 14,445 families were Americans and English-speaking races. Of the remainder, 8711 were Scandinavians and 2581 Germans, and all sturdy, industrious, sober farm-folk. The great majority owned their own farms. In fact, no State has so large a proportion of families cultivating farms as North and South Dakota. A large number of Dunkers (German Baptists) from Indiana and Pennsylvania have settled in communities in the Prairie State. They are the most thrifty farmers in the country. In March, 1896, the third annual excursion train left St. Paul for North Dakota with 1036 souls on board, said to be the largest train-load of settlers ever carried on a railroad.

Farm mortgages do not seem to have troubled North Dakota. What they had, represented deferred payments and improvements, and the aggregate in 1890 was less than eleven million dollars. They increased considerably since the census year, but the crop of 1897, with the big prices prevailing, enabled the North Dakota farmers to wipe off the slate entirely.

The big wheat farms of North Dakota are gradually breaking up. The land is getting too valuable. The average size of the farms in 1895 was 277 acres, and there were over 25,000 farms of less than 500 acres. But there is one big farm that deserves especial mention. It is the school farm, scattered through every county and township of the State, and aggregating 3,000,000 acres, valued at over $50,000,000.

Women are farmers as well as men in North Dakota. The census reports show a larger proportion of women owning farms in the Northwest than elsewhere in the country, and the Dakotas take the lead, with 1285. One instance is given of a school-teacher in Nelson County, whose wheat on her 138 acres averaged forty-one bushels to the acre in 1895.

No State has so many newspapers per capita as North Dakota, and few rural post-offices make a better showing than those of the Red River Valley, indicating that the people write as well as read.

As to crime and pauperism, it is almost another case of "the snakes in Iceland." The census of 1890 shows that there were ninety-seven prisoners in her jails, none of whom were juveniles, and thirty-five paupers, the smallest percentage of any State of the Union. At the present time not more than a quarter of the jail population are actual residents of the State.

North Dakota has made a glorious beginning. With unbounded acres and unlimited fertility; with a climate dry and invigorating, and an air charged with ozone; with churches, schools, and newspapers enough for all—there seems to be no room for crime, pauperism, or illiteracy. If it be true that the ideal community is that where all shall earn, by moderate toil, a competence by tilling their own soil in health, contentment, and political liberty, then the State of North Dakota would seem to be one of the happiest spots in this especially favored republic.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

* Second Report Bureau of Chemistry, United State Department of Agriculture.

** *Ibid.*

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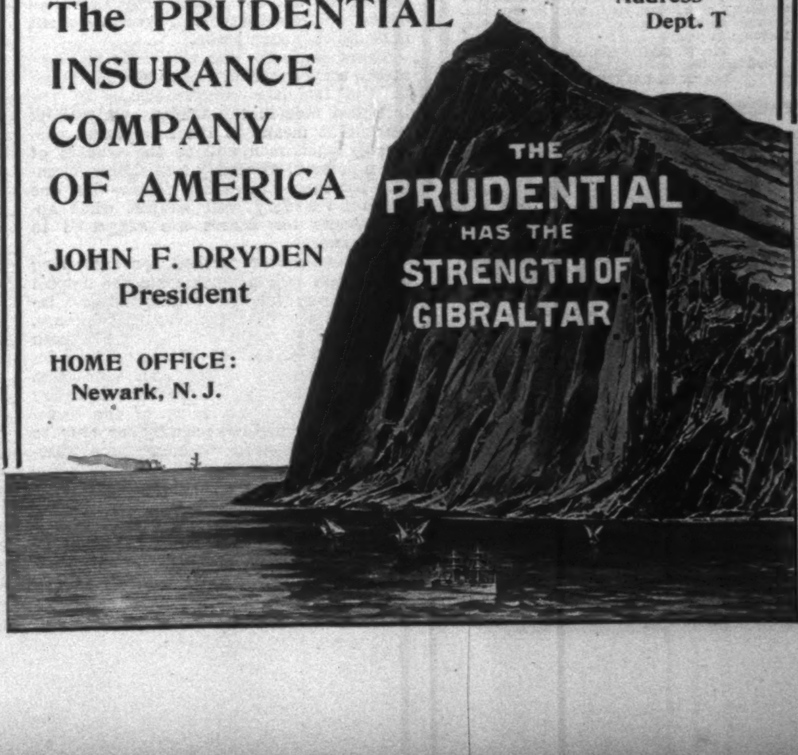

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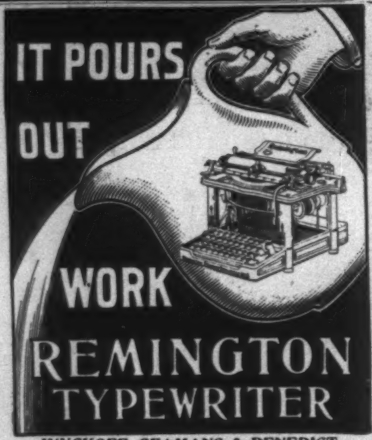
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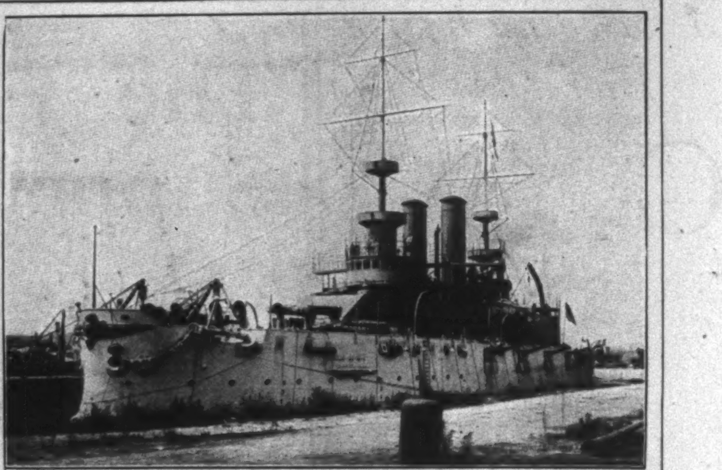

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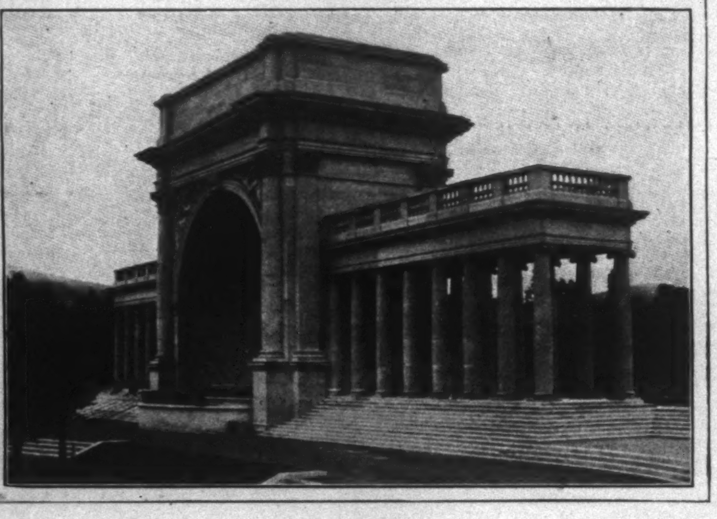

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The War Correspondent of To-day

BY JULIAN RALPH

ALTHOUGH newspaper correspondents were no new factor in the South-African war, some were of a sort to persist until they produced two great changes—one in the relations of correspondents and the military, and the other in the manner in which wars are to be reported. The war correspondent may be "the curse of modern armies," as Lord Wolseley has declared, but he will endure in British armies so long as Great Britain and her people are as wholly free and republican as at present. That he will do a different work in future and must be drawn from a different grade in journalism is very evident. With the "war expert" or military specialist in the editorial rooms at home, writing with a broader view of the field of war than any single reporter at the front can possibly obtain, we see one reason why the hide-bound, old-fashioned war correspondent must quickly step aside.

There are men who are made welcome at the mess tables of the commanders and to the intimate companionship of the brightest men in the armies. Only think what that means to the newspapers who employ such men and to the readers of those presses! Possibly a selection of censors for their fitness will follow—but one opens up a very wide subject when appointments for fitness are suggested in some armies.

With this new method for satisfying the largest public must come the respect of the army for the correspondents, instead of its reluctantly granted tolerance.

Whether this anti-Boer war has been peculiar in respect of the social and intellectual weight of the men sent from England to report it, I do not know, but I do know that too many of the correspondents were, intellectually, as easy to beat as an egg—and too many were otherwise lacking.

The attitude towards the press of some censors, in the dreary days before Lord Roberts took command of all the forces, was such as to make the best journalistic work impossible, and the status of the correspondents insupportable to any who took pride in their calling or in their self-respect.

I have no hesitation in repeating that in a large degree this was because so many correspondents were not such men as should have been sent to represent great newspapers; therefore the editors who sent them were responsible for the difficulties which all the correspondents encountered. It is the editors who need to be educated and reformed, rather than the military men. Of all the armies in the world, the British, as it is at present constituted, is the one to be the most particular with in this regard.

To send men whom it was impossible for the officers to regard as comrades, and men who would not hesitate to break the rules of the guild unless they were certain of severe punishment, was a crime against the honor of the profession. It was to govern such men that the strictest of the censorship rules had to be made. The result was that the representatives of the dignity and honor of the profession were beset with limitations which carried with them both reproach and distrust, as well as crippled their work. To put the case in another way, there were correspondents at the front who would have been trusted to write whatever they desired to, had it not been that there were other correspondents whose poor judgment, worse taste, and careless treatment of facts dragged the entire corps down to the level of an infant class at school.

It is certain that the mere reporters of battles and military movements are now outclassed and antiquated.

Men of broader grasp and more human and varied interests are to report the next British wars. To obtain the reports which the public demands will ensure the appointment of correspondents who will insist upon respectful treatment and liberal regulations by the censors. Thus we shall have a pen-and-ink millennium automatically produced. The public will cease to be bored by accounts of troops forever being "moved two miles to the northeast of the enemy's right flank"; the more sagacious editors will see their readers multiply by leaps and bounds, the correspondents will be liberated from an odious bondage, and the military mind will broaden until the army echoes the words of the great Lord Roberts, "The more you criticise, the more I shall learn of what mistakes are being made."

I cannot help thinking that the broad attitude of the field-marshal must have much to do with bringing about this millennium. He gave all liberty and no license to the newspaper writers, only insisting that they should submit to censorship whatever they meant to telegraph. This was wise and necessary because there might be "leakages" all along the wires, and, again, whatever was cabled to England was certain to be cabled back to the Boers if it was news of importance to them. "Go where you please," said he, "write what you like, criticise whenever you feel like it, because the more you criticise, the more I shall learn," etc. To put trust in, and responsibility upon, men in that way was certain to increase their self-respect, and to have it understood that instant expulsion would follow any flagrant breach of decorum or the rules of the censor was quickly seen to have a good effect upon those who had leaned towards offensiveness in various ways.

Certain correspondents were complimented as perhaps no others have been in any previous war or by any other general. These four were Mr. Percival Landon of the *Times*, Mr. H. A. Gwynne of Reuter's Agency, Mr. F. W. Buxton of the Boer-suppressed Johannesburg *Star*, and myself. We were asked to undertake (as a committee of the war correspondents) the editorship and control of all the departments of a daily newspaper for such time as the army remained in Bloemfontein.

The ultra-Boer organ, the Bloemfontein *Express*, had been stopped, and we continued the issues of its rival, then known as "the Friend" of the Free State, but whose name was at once simplified as *The Friend*.

There never was, within my knowledge, a newspaper so full of typographical errors and of poetry—either real or so-called poetry. Our Boer compositors contributed the mistakes and Tommy Atkins sent us the rhymes. In the ease with which he pumped his muse and the abundance of the results, we early came to know that the British army is an organized host of poets—or at least of aspirants who are in the condition of the tiny little child to whom the magistrate exclaimed, "Is it possible that you are already a thief?" and who modestly replied, "No, your worship, but I 'opes to be." So deeply has Mr. Kipling stirred the Tommy's hearts with those verses which treat of or appeal to the soldier that—not to exaggerate ridiculously—one fancies that every tenth man in the ranks aspires to be regarded as a disciple of the master of this inspired and inspiring work. The ordinary Tommy poem was one thing when it came to us, a better thing sometimes when it left us—in the hands of Kruger, the office boy—and still another thing when the "proof" came back from the hands of the Boer typesetters.

Despite its whimsicalities *The Friend* was a dignified newspaper and very nearly a complete one. The largest daily circulation of any Bloemfontein newspaper had been 400 copies, but we regularly sold 5000 to 5500 copies daily. Had we known that we should conduct the paper during an entire month (March 16 to April 16, 1900), we could have sold at least ten thousand copies a day by sending the papers in carts to the outer camps on the veldt. We published Reuter's telegrams from all over the world, and the Cape Town *Argus's* tidings of what went on in South Africa. Mr. Gwynne contributed a notable series of articles on the military lessons of the war, and these provoked other articles by professional experts. We were permitted to act as spokesmen for Great Britain and the army—using our own ideas and language—in explaining to the Boers the future policy of their conquerors and in cautioning them not to overstrain the imperial inclination to magnanimity for the enemy and leniency toward the rebels. Rudyard Kipling made the paper indispensable and all but priceless to those who collect his first editions. He wrote several poems, a series of "Fables for the Staff," and some very delightful "Kopje-book Maxims"—to which last Mr. Landon contributed. Dr. Conan Doyle wrote for us, and so did Lord Stanley, who came every day to visé our proofs, the while we frolicked and caused him to marvel how and when and where we did that work in "proofs" of which we buried him arms-deep. James Barnes, another American correspondent, was a contributor, and on one day when all the editors rode off to see a battle he most kindly remained behind and got out the paper. Mortimer Menpes and W. B. Wollen, the artists, General Sir Henry E. Colville, Lionel James, and Bennett Burleigh, also contributed, and we were proud to introduce to our particular public two uncommonly clever writers, Captain Cecil Lowther, of the Scots Guards, and A. B. Patterson, an Australian journalist—both humorists, one in prose and the other in verse.

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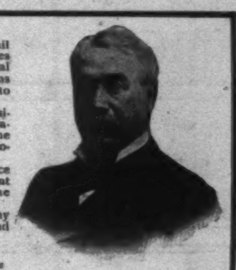
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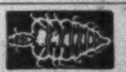

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FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

THE condition of the world of finance in the closing days of an unusually oppressive summer is one of general languor, especially in this country, notwithstanding events of more than usual importance in the world at large. The recent shipment of gold from this country produced a state of comparative comfort in the money-market of London, in spite of the long-drawn-out trouble in South Africa and the continued uncertainty of the situation in China. Our taking $28,000,000 of the British loan seems to have resulted directly in exporting about $18,000,000 in gold, and an addition of about $14,000,000 to the reserve of the Bank of England, raising its ratio to the liability of the Bank from 36½ to 41 per cent., which was a substantial relief. At the same time the Bank of France increased its reserve, and the condition at Berlin became easier. But a general dulness prevailed everywhere.

The tendency abroad is to dispose of American securities whenever there is anything like a favorable turn, and this adds to the heaviness of the market here. There are also indications that home politics weigh somewhat upon the energies, if not the spirits, of Wall Street. There has been a general feeling of confidence that the coming election will result in a continuance of the policy established by the financial legislation of last March, which will be carried to its full fruition in the permanent and uncontested maintenance of the gold standard; but an element of uncertainty has to be recognized in all unsettled things, and this induces a disposition to be cautious and to wait.

There are those who affect to believe that nothing serious would follow the election of Mr. Bryan, but that kind of optimism must come from shutting the eyes. Mr. Bryan and his party are certainly pledged to do whatever they can to displace the gold standard, and to rehabilitate silver, although the ratio of its value to that of gold has sunk to 1 to 34. If they could so change the law as to provide for free and unlimited coinage at the old ratio of 1 to 16, and adopt payments in silver as well as gold, which is virtually what they promise or threaten, it would produce the most disastrous crash of the century, sending our great volume of gold out of circulation, and mostly into foreign hands, and hurling the whole fabric of our currency and the vast system of credit that rests upon it to the silver basis. The distress that would follow is beyond anything that we can now conceive.

But suppose they could not succeed in making any material change in the existing law affecting the monetary system. They could still pay "coin" obligations, including all government bonds not refunded under the act of March 14, in silver, and, if they believe what they profess to believe, they would make that use of the accumulated mass of silver dollars. Fear of silver payments would induce a run upon the gold-resumption fund in the Treasury, and a new kind of endless chain could be set in operation to draw out the yellow metal. The redeemed notes, transferred to the general fund, could be paid out to redeem or to purchase any of the bonds of the United States, and the redemption fund would have to be kept up by borrowing on new bonds. Here is a chance for a device whereby gold could be drawn through the Treasury until the available supply was exhausted, and there is a possibility that a suspension of gold payments would be forced in spite of the law. Redemption of the government and Treasury notes in gold might be rendered impossible. Actual suspension of gold payments would not be a matter of legislation.

This is only what might happen, not what would be likely to happen; but the mere fact that it could happen, and that those were placed in power who would be disposed, either from honest conviction, from blind delusion, or from sheer incapacity, to bring it about, would of itself beget a fear, a distrust, which could not fail to have disastrous consequences. On our thousand million dollars of gold rests a currency of about $1,500,000,000 more in silver and paper, which is kept at a parity with it only by possible redemption, and on the top of this is reared the fabric of credit, ten times as great—of exchanges by means of checks, drafts, and book accounts, by which the main volume of our business is transacted. Shake confidence in that by tampering with its foundation of gold and threatening to pull it out, and the whole structure will topple to its fall. The mere apprehension that would be produced by the election of a majority of Bryan electors in November would cause a panic and all its direful consequences; and not till the Democratic party abandons its attitude upon the money question will there be any safety in trusting it with control over the finances of the nation.